Fit "TripleX" -and be safe MORRIS do!

THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 5, 1935
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII No. 1863 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCT. 5 1935

GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN
IS NOW OBTAINABLE IN A NEW 6D SIZE
2/- SIZE INCREASED BY 15 TABLETS

The Talk o' the Town
SILVERDALE TEA
Write for Particulars: SILVERDALE
1, PAUL STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

A CHILD'S GRATITUDE

We wish that *you* could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a gift to-day to Wm. J. Elliott, Director.

N·S·P·C·C

Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2

Vice-Chairman: F. P. Whitbread, Esq.

GILBEY'S GIN
all over the world

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE
Drambuie
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
THE PERFECT COCKTAIL CONTAINS DRAMBUIE

Wickham Court
HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
Half an hour from City and West End. Telephone: Springpark 2000

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn), with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of Hotels.

Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath. Tennis, billiards, dances, car service to station—all free. Also FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds. in length), swimming, squash.

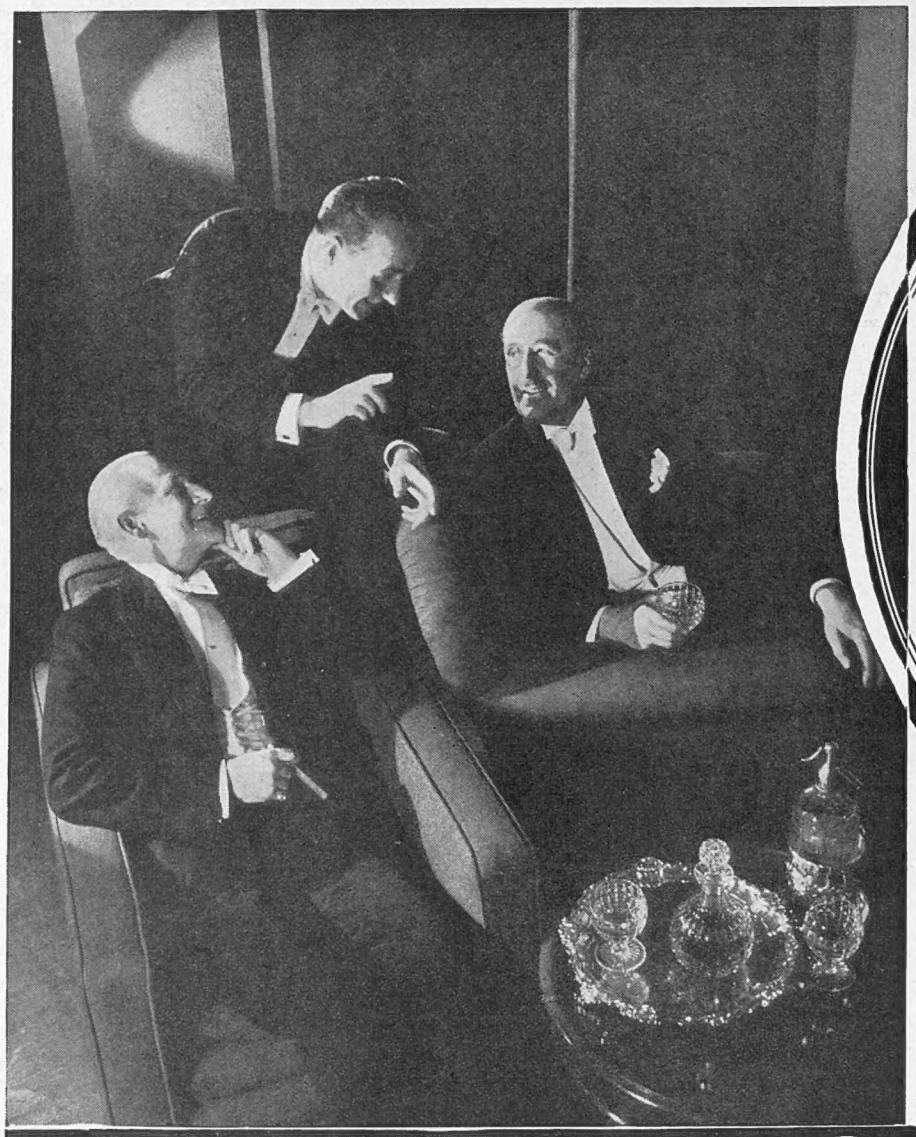
WINTER TERMS—REDUCTION 20-25% No Alteration in Standard
Write for illustrated brochure.
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS

HAPPY HOMES FOR POOR CHILDREN

1,100 poor boys and girls, taken from poverty, and now living in pleasant and healthy surroundings, and being given a chance in life to become good and useful men and women.

THIS IS THE GREAT WORK
which has been carried on for 92 years by
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
OVER 33,000
have already passed through the Society's Homes and Training Ship.
PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY
and know that you have been the means of helping to bring happiness into the lives of 1,100 poor boys and girls.
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD. FOR INSURANCE
HEAD OFFICE: 83·PALL MALL·S·W·1



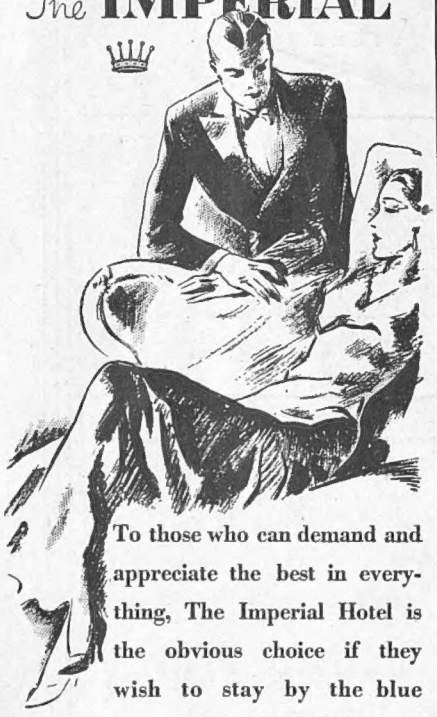
AGED...
OF RARE
MELLOWNESS...
SUBTLE BOUQUET...
DISTINCTIVE...
BY HOST... BY GUESTS...
BY ALL
PREFERRED!

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. the KING, 153, Regent Street, W.1.

WE ALWAYS STAY AT
The IMPERIAL



To those who can demand and appreciate the best in everything, The Imperial Hotel is the obvious choice if they wish to stay by the blue waters of the English Riviera.

○ 150 *rooms, luxury suites with bathroom and toilet; central heating. The Ballroom is incontestably the finest on the South Coast, together with the Sun Lounge and sheltered Balcony which traps the sunshine during the winter months. Mr. G. W. Hore, Managing Director, will gladly send Brochure on request.*

The IMPERIAL *Hotel*
TORQUAY'S PREMIER HOTEL

Price and Preference

For many of us, price marks a boundary; but no limit need be set to the enjoyment from one's pipe. Price and preference can be reconciled. Hosts of smokers who first considered cost, now "fill up" with "Airman" for choice.

MIXTURE
FLAKE
NAVY CUT

10d PER OZ

NAVY CUT
DE-LUXE 11p

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

P.A.44B

ACHES, PAINS
STIFFNESS
RUBBED
AWAY

Stiff muscles are *poisoned* muscles. Local congestion prevents the blood from circulating freely and removing waste products. Hence the pain . . . hence the need for a good rub with Volatol to draw blood to the part and carry away both poison and pain. You can feel its healing warmth doing you good.

Of all Chemists 2/-

STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, ETC.

Rub a little in... feel a lot better
VOLATOL
TAKES PAINS

For bald-headed and thin-haired.

Let us help you and send you (free of postage) all particulars about **Comos Hairbalsam.**

The COMOS-MAGAZINE
Copenhagen V. Denmark 39

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Swan & Edgar's

DRESSING GOWNS

"Pauline"

"Primula"

"PAULINE."—Floral Zenana Cloth Dressing Gown lined Jap silk throughout. Smart tailored revers. Medium weight. In peach, rose, cardinal red, green, turquoise blue, saxe blue, lavender or black. Sizes : Small women's and women's.

25/-

O.S., **30/-**

"PRIMULA."—Attractive tailored Dressing Gown in Crepe Satin, made on the crepe side. Collar, cuffs and pocket in quilted satin. In peach, pink, turquoise blue, eau de nil, powder blue, black, navy, deep red, nigger, or olive green. Unlined, women's size.

30/-

O.S., **35/-**

Lined Nunsveiling.
Women's size, **40/-**. O.S., **45/-**

Fourth Floor

Swan & Edgar LTD

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W. 1. 'Phone : Regent 1616

Photograph from the Portfolio of Autumn Models . . .

Furs of Authority

. . . by Debenhams

Furriers *since* 1791

Other Nutria Coats from 79 gns.

A new model in fine quality Dark Nutria **149** *gns.*

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

BY APPOINTMENT

ANTIQUE FURNITURE

and Works of Art of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries

An attractive selection of articles may be seen at our

STAND — No. 95

at the

Antique Dealers' Fair

GROSVENOR HOUSE, W.1

A rare George I walnut CABINET OF DRAWERS on chest with drawers and turn-over flap. Width: 2ft 9 ins.

M. HARRIS AND SONS

44 to 52, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1. LONDON 61, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1.

BIBBY LINE

WINTER SUNSHINE TOURS

Fortnightly Sailings. *Only First Class Passengers Carried.*

SPECIALLY REDUCED RETURN FARES:

	From LIVERPOOL.	From MARSEILLES.
EGYPT	£47	£40
SUDAN	£63	£53
CEYLON and SOUTHERN INDIA	£85	£80
BURMA	£100	£95
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS	£111	£107

MEDITERRANEAN TOURS.

GIBRALTAR for Southern Spain and Morocco.
MARSEILLES for South of France and the Riviera.

EGYPTIAN TOUR

17 Days in Egypt.

FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT. *INCLUSIVE RETURN FARES:*

Marseilles returning to Marseilles £64
Liverpool returning to Plymouth or London £76

Write for Illustrated Booklet to:

BIBBY BROS & Co

MARTIN'S BANK BUILDINGS, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL. | 22, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

designers of exclusive interiors

FURNISHING FABRICS

New curtains and fabrics now available in Damasks, Satins, Brocades, plain and figured velvet, etc.; many new designs in modern colourings to suit present day requirements. Advice and suggestions for all furnishing problems willingly given.

PRICES

The Brocade shewn is available in four colours, 50" wide, 21/- per yard. Easy chair, our own design, £9.19.6. Antique velvet cushion 94/6. 3-light gilded wood and iron table standard - - 52/6

"ITALIA HOUSE"

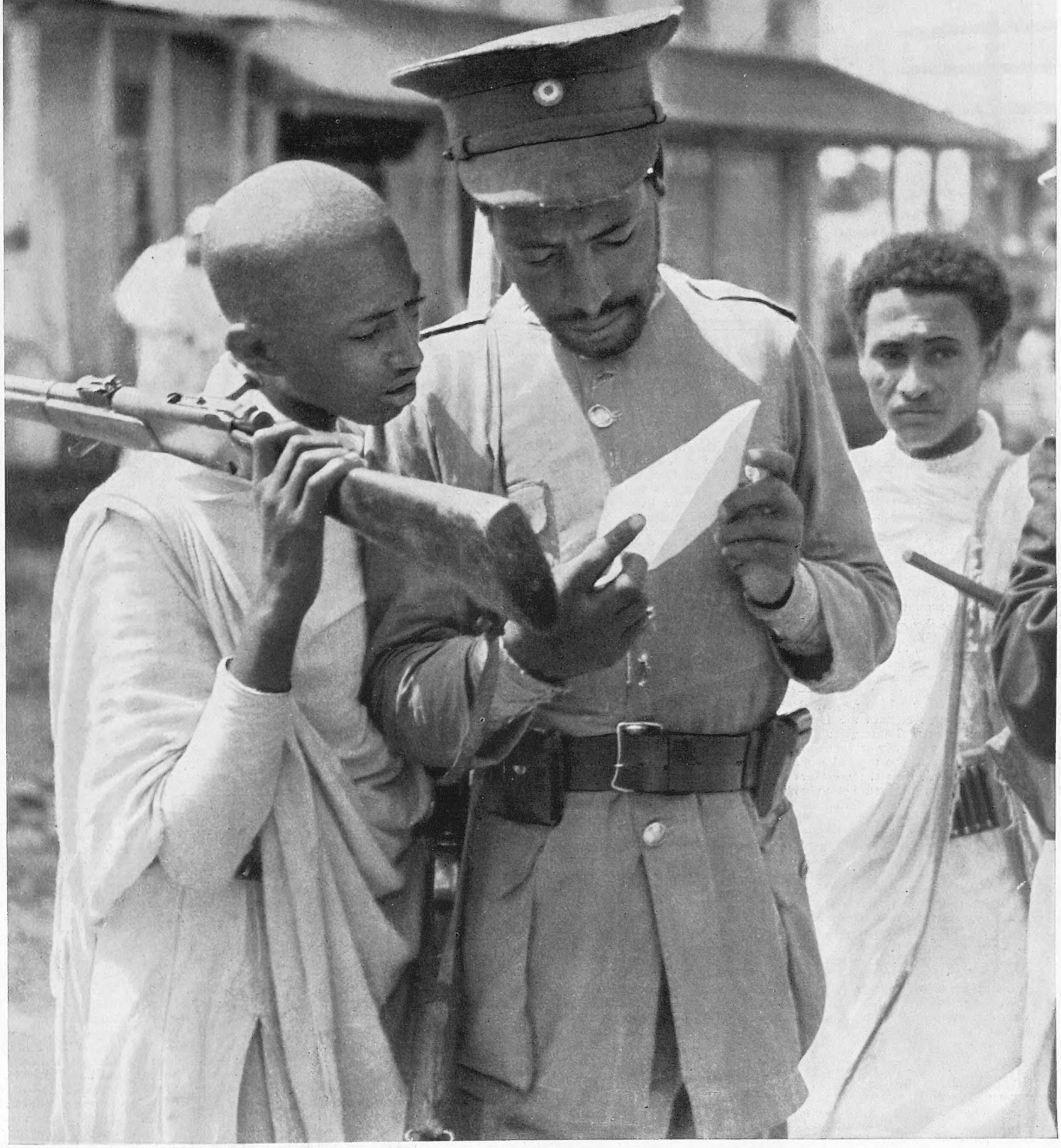
A British Company with all-British Capital.

74, 75, 76, Welbeck Street
London, W.1

TELEPHONE WELBECK 1265 (3 LINES)

TELEGRAMS & CABLES · HOUSITAL · WESDO · LONDON · CODE A·B·C · 6th ED.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 5, 1935



The Lion of Judah's Commands

A White-robed Abyssinian Recruit Listening to a Member of the Imperial Bodyguard as He Reads the Emperor's Army Regulations

While Italy continues to send troopship after troopship on the 2,300-mile journey to Eritrea to swell the ranks of her ever-growing army, preparations for the defence of the Black Empire are proceeding apace and it is estimated that, if war breaks out, the Emperor will be able immediately to place 200,000 warriors in the field. Haile Selassie goes daily to the courtyard of the Old Palace to supervise the re-arming of soldiers from the interior who, with their chiefs, are being despatched to the front at the rate of about 1,500 a day. According to Sir Percival Phillips, the noted war correspondent who is now in Abyssinia, "this operation presents a quaint and lively scene. The leaders, section commanders, and their men troop in amid a tremendous uproar, brandishing weapons, shouting for war, and proclaiming devotion to the Emperor unto death. His Majesty usually sits on a chair in the open air, if fine, and at other times from a window he watches the officials of the palace arms depot inspecting rifles and rejecting those which are faulty and obsolete. The present of a new rifle never fails to evoke expressions of gratitude. The recipient lovingly kisses the ground, and then proceeds to emphasise his valour in florid language, and to recount his exploits as a warrior." Before leaving the capital each man is given a year's cash pay, which amounts to between £3 and £10 according to rank

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

PICTURESQUE CITY CEREMONIAL: Beadles of the various companies standing in their booths in the yard of the Guildhall during the annual ceremony of admitting to office the two new Sheriffs of the City of London

LONDON'S NEXT CIVIC CHIEF: Sir Stephen Killik, the present Lord Ma Vincent (*right centre*) after the latter had been chosen Lord Mayor for men of the Guilds. Sir Percy, who will take office on November 9, is a London when thirteen years old as a draper's apprentice. He

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 2, 1935.

THE COVENANT IS INVOKED.—On September 26 the procedure of the Covenant of the League was formally and in the fewest words applied in the Italo-Abyssinian case. The decision had become by slow and painful stages inevitable. It was not on that account less important and welcome. We turned and refreshed our memory of Paragraph 4 of Article XV. At this eleventh hour, it does not afford the comfort of swift action. It merely provides for one more expedient in such problems of settlement — the making and issuing of a report. But, that report must contain the League's recommendations. Those recommendations are not primarily or immediately bellicose. But if the report be unanimously adopted, then the members of the League are pledged not to go to war with any party accepting its recommendations. Italy is not present at the new committee. Conciliation is still (except in France) dreamed of as a last hope. The Council of Five remains technically in session to resume conciliation, if the occasion offers. The situation therefore is: A solution of the Abyssinian dispute is not brought nearer. But the break-up of the League is at least postponed and with that, the break-up of the new civilisation which was to take the place of that which brought us to world war and chaos. While a new Committee of Thirteen considers a formula, the rival armies mass on their frontiers.

CANADIAN POLITICS.—Lord Bessborough, his family, and such of his staff as are not remaining on with Lord Tweedsmuir, have returned to England. Lord Tweedsmuir is en route for Ottawa, with a new secretary and junior members of the staff. He will have the benefit of the experience of Lord Bessborough's controller, Colonel Eric Mackenzie, who is remaining at Ottawa. Meanwhile the Dominion General Election, which gave the apt occasion for the change of Governor-General, is proceeding in its stages. The protagonists are, of course, Mr. Bennett (Conservative) who held the reins during the whole of Lord Bessborough's term, and Mr. Mackenzie King, the Liberal leader. Both are well known to Lord Tweedsmuir, and both favoured warmly his selection. The issue therefore, whatever it be, should make for smooth working between the Dominion Government and the King's representative. In Canada Liberalism has always been a lively force in politics; the days of Laurier are freshly remembered. It is about time for a big swing to Liberalism by the normal force of reaction. But grain questions play a big part in politics in Canada, and the grain situation is an incalculable one. Last year the harvest was ruinous and reaction inevitably set in against the Government in power. This year a great improvement has come especially in the North-west. Saskatchewan is the traditional stronghold of Liberalism and even now is wholly Liberal. But a new party (the Social Credit) is making headway in the Dominion and may very well queer the pitch of an overwhelming Liberal sweep in Alberta. Mr. King is not ill-disposed towards the social credit scheme. Its promoters at any rate, if they intervene on a large scale in the election, will do more harm to Conservatism than to Liberalism. I make no doubt Mr. King will come in, triumphantly or by an adequate majority. Normal reaction and not failure on Mr. Bennett's part will be the root-cause of the swing over.

"CHARLES GORE."—I mentioned this book last week, and referred to its origins. Published by Heinemann at 18s., Dr. Prestige's book of more than 500 pages commands close attention and careful reading. In every chapter he reveals a deep knowledge of his subject, careful research, and infinite pains, and he writes with an unadorned lucidity of style which is half the battle of success in biography. He set out determined not to make the book a battlefield of religious controversy. Bishop Gore was a many-sided man. To scores of admirers he is freshly remembered not as a Churchman or a saint, but as a rare spirit in intellectual and social life. A large book might be written with profit on aspects of his character totally unconnected with his career as a Churchman. His essential goodness, his influence for good, his example, beaconed in every field, but he was much more than a great Churchman or a saint. What were the landmarks of his contentious career in the Church? His revolt against fundamentalism, documented in *Lux Mundi*, the bombshell of '89, and his long struggle to uphold and strengthen discipline amongst the clergy. The last ended in failure. What were his material achievements? He was Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon, Librarian of Pusey House, founder of the Community of the Resurrection, editor of *Lux Mundi*, joint-founder of the Christian Social Union, Canon of Westminster, a popular preacher without a rival, Bishop of Worcester, Birmingham, and Oxford, author of scores of books on religious subjects which appealed very widely and indeed became (in the dreadful phrase) "best-sellers." It is a curious omission from a representative "Life" that no attempt is made at a critique (indeed there is no detailed list) of his books on which his fame will chiefly rest with posterity. Beyond these things, Gore was acknowledged leader of thought in religion and politics. He met great philosophers and scientists on equal terms. He held his own in the wittiest company. Dr. Prestige carries his reader through all the phases of this full life with commendable clarity and assurance. He deals most admirably with the Oxford phase and the character of his subject develops and stands clearly forth in the relation. Much space is devoted to *Lux Mundi*, yet to the ignorant mind the vital issue remains less clear than might be expected. Like his subject, Dr. Prestige regains his ease when he comes to the Bishopric period. He is least revealing in the Westminster phase. That his book may stand as an authority on the Bishop's professional career I make no doubt whatever. Whether it reveals the man in every aspect of his varied scope of influence is less certain. In the family and social sides of Dr. Gore's life Dr. Prestige is never on firm ground. It is clear that he attaches relatively small importance to them, and he is prone to reclothe in his own words family stories and the Bishop's own utterances.

THE LAYMAN'S VIEW.—Yet the Bishop was very much a family man. Dr. Prestige fairly admits that he never "forsook father and mother" for his religious vows. And his love of intellectual social intercourse was strong and life-long. It is a fair criticism that Dr. Prestige's valuable biography could hardly present a more complete picture of the man as a Church leader but might indeed have presented a more complete and even a more lively and vivid picture of the whole man, if those various phases of religious controversies had been relieved by larger reference to the family and social life of the Bishop, his tastes in literature and the arts, his well-loved gestures, his famous phrases, his wit and aphorisms, his jests and travels, his "hates" and impatiences, his love of the good things of life, his ill-concealed boredom with egotism and the commonplace, his essential humanity, his inherited and ineradicable whiggism. On all these remembered and well-loved points the author touches briefly and passes back. It is, in my poor view, a cardinal error in biography to treat a public man solely as such. Time and again a public man's lasting influence has been preponderatingly exercised outside his professional or public life. Even with a saint that may be true. A great man belongs to his country and the world. He belongs to his family and his friends in all walks not less. The greatness of Charles Gore, the breadth of his appeal and influence, were due to four main causes. High traditions which he inherited, rigid self-discipline, outstanding intellectual

powers, and a belief in God—in the efficacy of prayer and in the supreme duty of constant imitation of the life of Christ. Because these causes were at work in every action, during every hour, of his long life; because they coloured every word he spoke and every decision he made, the standards which he set in matters big and small were the highest, and he was embarrassingly formidable to ninety-nine out of one hundred of his fellow-men to whom those heights appeared unattainable. Yet to him also they seemed unattainable. His humility gave him tolerance and intense sympathy. His love of his fellow-men for ever gentled his austerity. He was lonely on the heights, but he was at the same time approachable, essentially human, clubable, and tolerant in the plains of everyday life. To present a true picture of him, his biography should preserve the balance of plain and mountain-top. Dr. Prestige has most efficiently presented the great Churchman; the full-length portrait is not so complete in every detail; the whole story is yet to be told.

LORD CORNWALLIS.—Even more so than the late Lord Bridgeman, Lord Cornwallis was the perfect type of the old-fashioned and wholly

ding with Sir Percy uing year by the Livery- ness man and came to ghted in 1927

admirable English country gentleman. For while Lord Bridgeman enlarged his activities into public and political life, Lord Cornwallis remained essentially a county pundit. Kent was his county and Kent is the heart of old England. He was Kentish through and through, the president and acknowledged leader of men of Kent and Kentish men. To see Squire Cornwallis at his home at Linton was to get a picture which might have come from the pen of Addison. He was the old-time squire to perfection. He hunted the hare on his own acres, he played and encouraged cricket in the stronghold of cricket. He was a staunch Churchman; he knew all that was to be known about the science of agriculture and the farmer's difficulties and problems. He was Chairman of the County Council and of a score of lesser committees. He was a leader in every movement for the betterment of the county and of British agriculture; he commanded one of the county yeomanries; was a leading freemason; in his county a quite invaluable and ceaselessly busy man. Everyone respected him, everyone loved him. Linton stood for English country life at its best, healthiest, and most unselfish. Service for the community, fellowship with all classes, the I Z. spirit in games, the noblest traditions in sport, Church and King and Country, and Kent before all—for those things Linton stood and Squire Cornwallis' sons and daughters stood round him—a happy and united family—to carry on the tradition. The war came, and the happy days were over. His eldest son was murdered in Ireland in 1921. His second son came through the war, serving in the Scots Greys, and has since largely taken his father's place. He assumes an honoured name, and will carry on a fine tradition.

THE ASS LEGAL.—The Law Society met last week in session at Hastings and Mr. J. S. Walsh (Leeds) mercilessly flogged his "dead donkey." The lay magistrate in his view must be exterminated or at the least docked. Every court of summary jurisdiction must henceforth (especially in view of its increasing responsibilities) be presided over by a stipendiary, a trained lawyer. Possibly the lay magistrate might still be suffered to adjudicate on minor offences. Well, we have heard it all before. It is true that the lay magistrate is called on yearly to deal with more complicated and onerous work. But it is also true that the chairmen of the local benches are not born fools and grow in wisdom with the experience of years. After all, a sound lawyer is no unique genius. He becomes so by training and practice. Again, the clerk to the justices *is* a trained lawyer and so is capable of guiding his Bench, with the result that, where the Bench is weakest, the cases are tried before a "trained lawyer" and a "jury" which for good sense and impartiality and experience and intelligence is quite unequalled. It is also true that for 6½ centuries this system has endured, because all concerned—in dock, in witness box, at the solicitors' table, at the police table, reporters' table, and public galleries—have found it sound. Moreover, in every case of the slightest importance, the accused has the chance to elect to be tried at a higher court before a trained magistrate, and in 999 cases in 1,000 he plumps for the lay magistrate. Of course, there are obvious criticisms of the lay magistrate system. Here and there, there are old fossils in the chair. Decisions vary in different areas, and so on. But so do the decisions of K.B. judges vary, and even the K.B. has fossils on the bench with bees in their bonnets. The lay magistrature is as sound as ever in the main and should not be tampered with.

AN "OLD-FASHIONED" FIGHT.—Louis, the Mahogany Marvel, knocked out Baer last week in four rounds at the Yankee Stadium, New York. It was quite like old times, quite like the great days of Jack Johnson. The Press lashed the public to delirium. No advertising art was forgotten. Louis was publicly married to "a nineteen-year-old coloured Chicago typist" two hours before the show. Each boxer announced in a few insulting words his contempt for his opponent. "I shall go through that skunk like butter inside two minutes." "I'll ring that chocolate chicken's neck in seconds." Or words to that effect. There were special "fight" editions, and so on. Result—a £250,000-receipts record. £40,000 assured to each fighter, win or lose. Spectators paid about £2 per minute of worth-while fighting and booed their old champion as he lay stunned on the ground. A great night and everyone satisfied, especially the promoters and protagonists. Baer returns to private life and fortune and his cattle ranch. Louis and his chocolate typist to further publicity and plenty as befits a greater than Jack Johnson. It was New York of the great days of prosperity. *Redeunt Johnsonia regna.*

A NEW SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Very rarely I glance (fearfully) at the daily journalism of female gossip writers who record the latest whimsies and fashions of the *Bright Young Things*. So I read: "Lord and Lady Antrim are planning the foundation of an amusing club among their friends. Members of 'The Grandfathers Club' must have had either a grandfather or a grandmother of great eccentricity. There will be an annual dinner at a Mayfair hotel in a room which will be hung with portraits of the (qualified) grandparents and their 'relics.' Members will be allowed to speak of their grandparents for a maximum of ten minutes during the dinner." It sounds heartless at first blush. The Victorian recalls a scene from Sheridan:—

CHARLES SURFACE: Here, Careless, here's the family tree for you, you rogue. Now you may knock down my own ancestors with their own pedigree.

SIR OLIVER: What an unnatural rogue!—an ex post-facto parricide!

But on second thoughts a gleam of hope for the rising generation steals in. Is it not a reaction to Victorianism that any of the Bright Young Things should be able to discuss the past and their forebears for ten long, continuous minutes? I will beg the question of whether Lord and Lady Antrim can themselves qualify for their new club. I take it they have already satisfied themselves that by their own standards they can do so. They have no doubt examined the family trees of the Macdonnells and the Sykes before rolling them up in preparation for hammering their grandparents.

REFLECTIONS IN THE RAIN: A late September scene in Piccadilly Circus, where the flower-sellers have had to ply their trade between torrential downpours

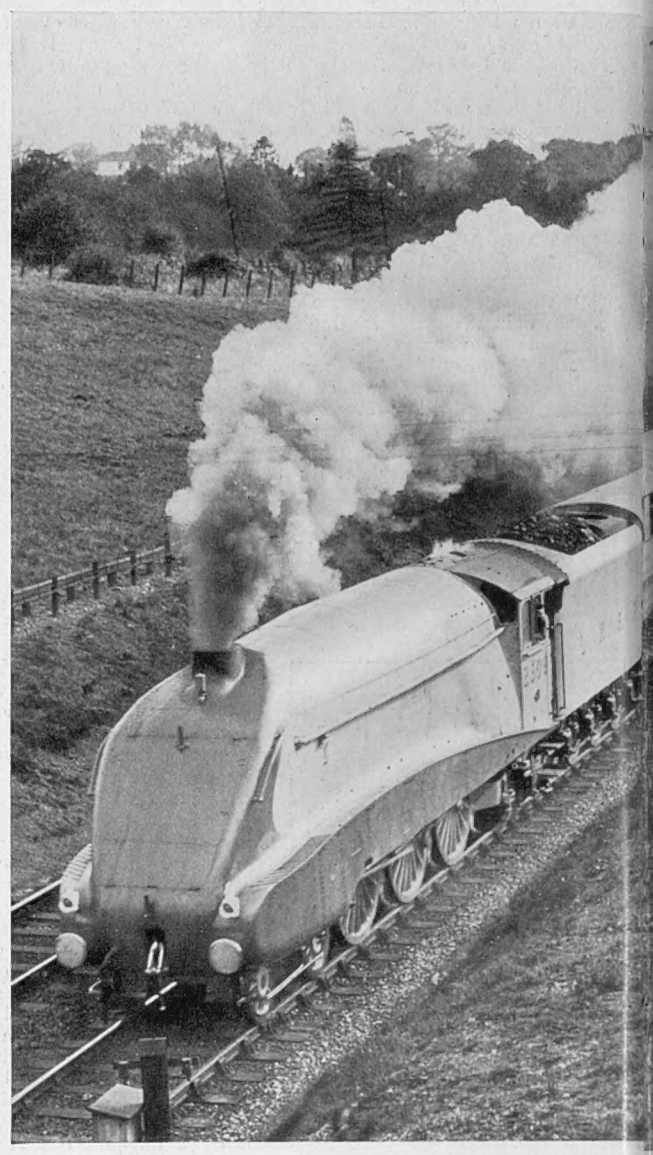
THE CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE: Three young dancers posing for a picture outside the Albert Hall prior to the Jubilee Festival of music and dancing held last week by the London Schools' Music Association in the presence of an audience of 8,000 adults. Combined choirs sang part songs, a brass band drawn from L.C.C. residential schools played Beethoven selections, and an orchestra of eighty juveniles performed pieces by Handel

EXIT SEPTEMBER, WEEPING.—The hottest, the wettest, the stormiest September "within living memory," in the phrase which this sensational age demands. Certainly it was a month of unpleasant contrasts which cost the farmer dear. It robbed him of his autumn fruit crops, interfered with his harvest, blew down his trees and sheds. But it had its compensations. There were enchanting intervals, when midsummer stole back on tiptoe. And the glazier cannot complain of his harvest.

THE OLD STAGER

PASSING PAGEANT

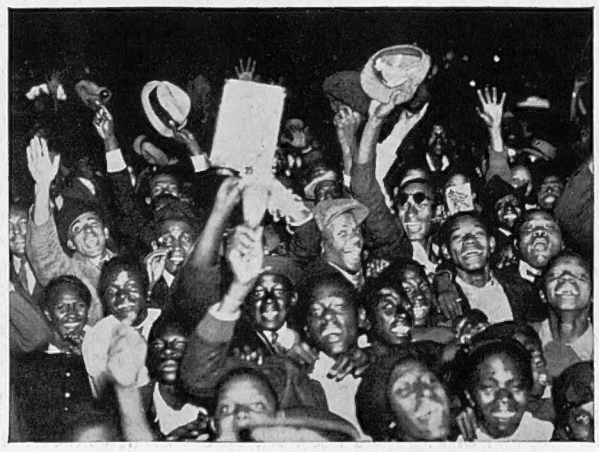
THE ROYAL BRIDE-TO-BE OUT WITH THE BUCCLEUCH: Lady Alice Scott, the Duke of Gloucester's fiancée, in conversation with Mr. A. C. Paton, the hunt secretary, at a recent meet at Thornielow. The wedding is to take place in Westminster Abbey on November 6, and it was announced on Tuesday last that Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, Lady Mary Cambridge (great-niece of the Queen), and Lady Angela Scott (youngest sister of Lady Alice) are to be among the bridesmaids



THE L.N.E.R.'S NEW FLYER: The stream-lined Silver Jubilee t years of the King's reign, seen on its trial run from King's Cro speed of 112 m.p.h. and fulfilled all the hopes of those respon Silver Jubilee made its inaugural passenger run from Newc under four hours, and in an hour less than the previous fa

THE BIG FIGHT OF THE SEASON: Max Baer, the former world-heavyweight boxing champion, and Joe Louis, the twenty-one-year-old Detroit negro, seen as they weighed-in at the offices of the New York State Athletic Commission before their meeting last week at the Yankee Stadium, New York, in the presence of a vast crowd of nearly one hundred thousand fans

BLOW AND COUNTER-BLOW: Baer and Louis exchanging hits at the commencement of the second round, when the former momentarily revealed his old form. It was in the fourth round that Louis battered his opponent helpless



REJOICINGS IN HARLEM: A scene of wild enthusiasm at the junction of 132nd Street and 7th Avenue, the heart of New York's negro quarter, a few moments after the result of the Louis-Baer fight had been announced. The contest gripped the imagination of America as none other has done since the days of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney

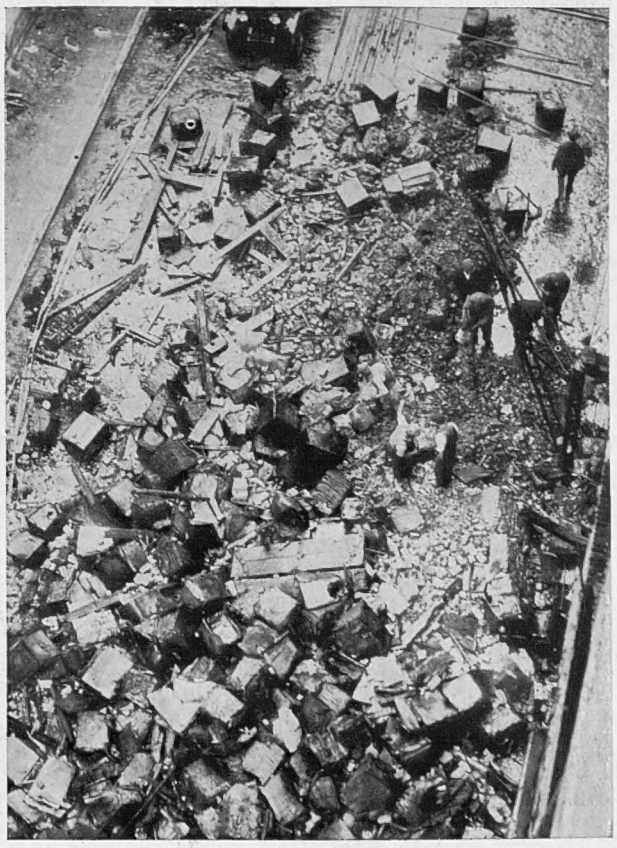
THE SELF-POSSESSED VICTOR: Joe LOLD shaking hands with the Mayor of home town (Detroit) following triumph. Only a few hours before he tered the ring he was married to Mar Trotter, a negro typist from Chic

Pictorial Record of Happenings on Both Sides of the Atlantic

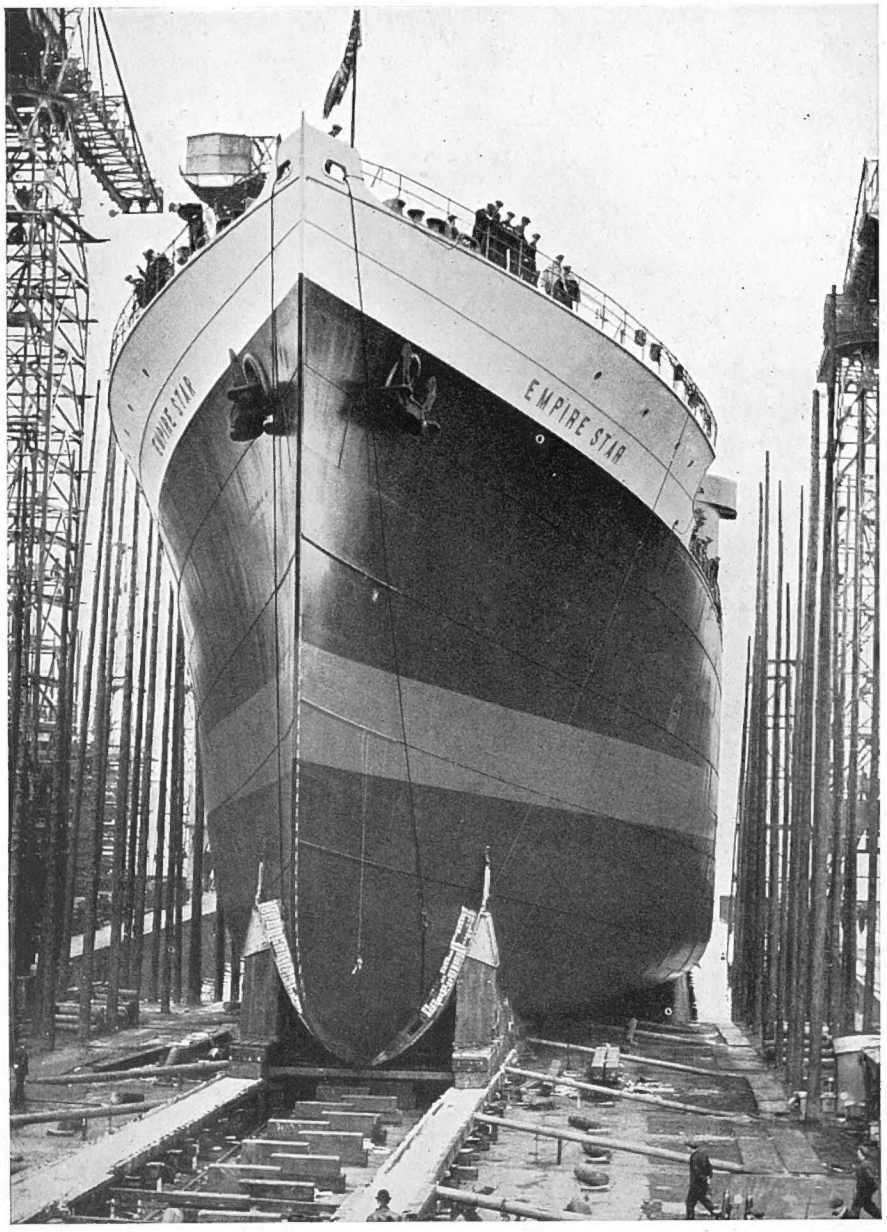
ich has been built in honour of the twenty-five antham, during which it reached a maximum its novel design. On Monday of this week the London, covering the 268 miles in two minutes presses. The average speed was 67 m.p.h.

LD CONTEMPTIBLES: Survivors of the original 1st Battalion of the Honourable Artillery Company, who sailed to France within six weeks of the outbreak of the war, seen together during their "Reunion Visit" to the battlefields of Ypres last week-end

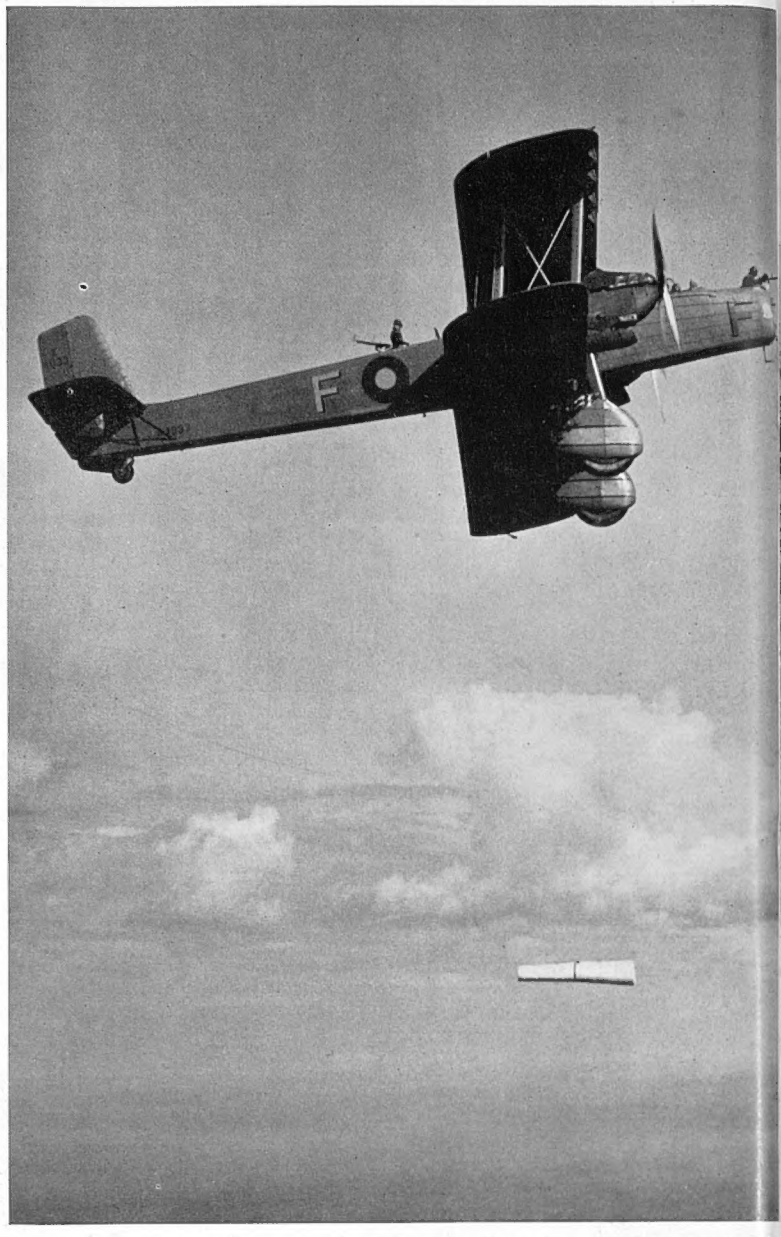
THE GREAT FIRE AT COLONIAL WHARVES, WAPPING: Firemen directing jets of water on to the building where the blaze continued for six days on account of the enormous stocks of rubber housed there. On Tuesday of this week the fire was stated to be "practically out" although some of the rubber was still smouldering and it was still necessary to keep a close watch. The above picture was taken on the fourth day after the outbreak, and shows how the down-river section of the façade had collapsed. Everything in the immediate neighbourhood of the warehouse was coated with rubber, the drains in Wapping High Street were choked with it, there was a thick film of it on the river, while lumps of it, some 2 ft. wide, floated upstream with the tide, and actually interfered with a sculling match. The rubber also clung to the legs and wings of swans, causing them much distress. For earlier pictures of the outbreak see page 24 of this issue of "The Sphere"



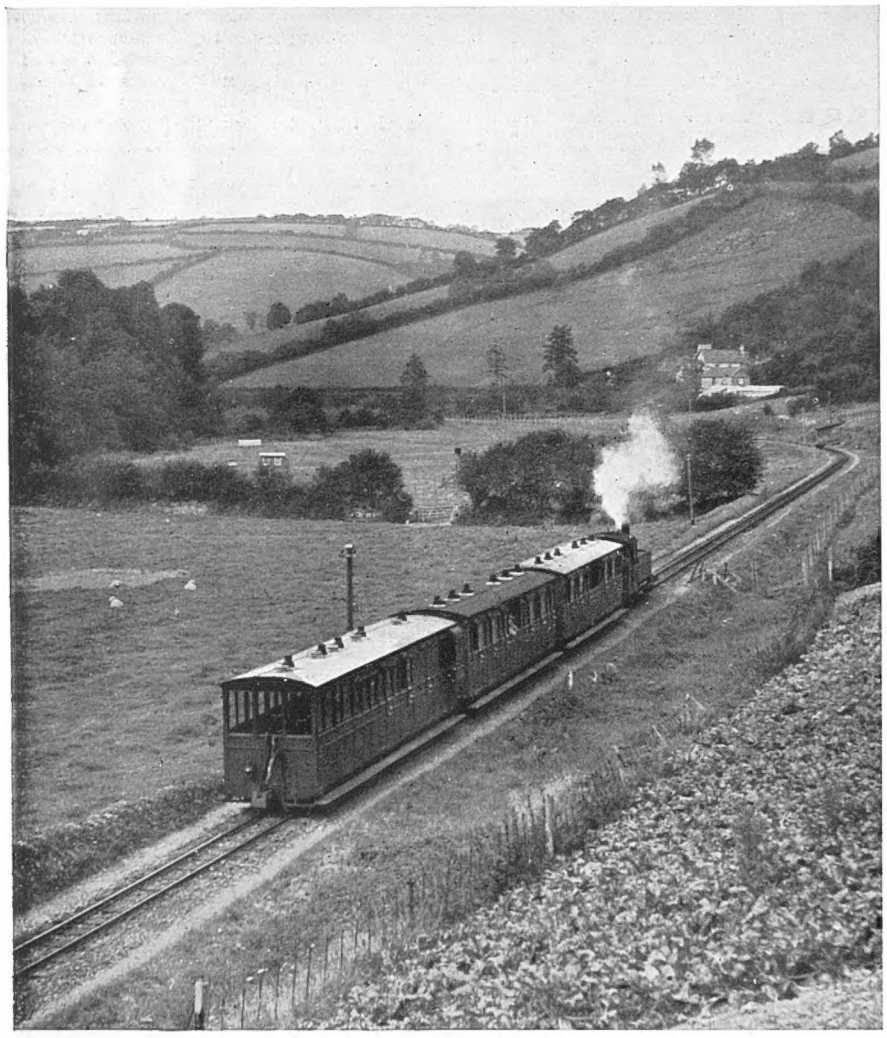
AFTER THE SIX-DAY CONFLAGRATION: *Left*—Official photographers of the London Fire Brigade making a film record of the damage at Colonial Wharves, Wapping. *Right*—Cleaning up a street littered with bales of rubber—that crashed from the burning upper storeys. On Wednesday of last week, when the fire began, it was estimated that at least 3,000 firemen were assisting in the work of subduing the blaze, and even last Monday a skeleton staff of 100 was still on duty. Some of the men received minor injuries, a fire-engine was disabled, and many lengths of hose were rendered useless by the molten rubber



LAUNCH OF THE "EMPIRE STAR": The new 10,800-ton cargo liner leaving the slipway at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard, after being named by Mrs. Ronald Vestey. The vessel is intended for the Australia and New Zealand service, and is the fourth of five craft which have been ordered from the same company by the Blue Star Line



OUTMANŒUVRED: A "sleeve" target (representing an enemy 'plane and bein towed by a machine not seen in this picture) flying beneath a "Heyford heavy bomber in such a position that the gunners in the forward and afte cockpits in the bomber are unable to fire upon it. An illustration of aeria tactics being given above the Air Armament Training Camp at Catfoss, Yorkshir



OVERWHELMED BY COMPETITION: A train passing along the Taw Valley on the old narrow gauge track between Lynton and Barnstaple, which was finally closed to traffic last Sunday. The line was opened in 1897, but owing to the number of motor buses on the road it has been unable of recent years to operate at a profit. *On right*—The Lord Mayor of London's coach arriving at the Croydon Road recreation ground where Sir Stephen Killik handed to Sir Josiah Stamp, the Charter-Mayor of Beckenham, the charter of incorporation elevating Beckenham to the dignity of a municipal corporation

A WEST OF ENGLAND BEAUTY-SPOT TO BE PRESERVED FOR ALL TIME: Mrs. Allan Hughes, of Lynch, near Minehead, unveiled a tablet on a cairn to m of surrounding moor. This gift to the nation was initiated by the late Sir Thor augmented by land presented by the late Mr. Allan Hughes and by Colonel

EVENTS AT HOME

Intense Activity in British Shipyards : Dunkery Beacon Presented to the Nation : Training Aerial Gunners at Catfoss

REMOVING THE KENSINGTON HIGH STREET "BOTTLENECK": Workmen engaged in demolishing one of Messrs. Barker's buildings, a task which, when completed, will allow of street widening and will thus reduce the congestion which has for so long been noticeable in this busy part of London

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE UNION CASTLE FLEET: The 100-ton bed-plate for one of the Diesel engines being hoisted aboard the *Stirling Castle*, the new 25,000-ton mail and passenger liner which was launched some weeks ago at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard, and is now being fitted out. When she goes into service she will be the largest vessel sailing between England and South Africa

. scene on Dunkery Beacon, Exmoor, during the ceremony at which the acceptance by the National Trust of the beacon and 9,000 acres Acland, who gave an estate of 7,000 acres, and has since been W. Wiggin of Exford, Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds

TO PLY ON ARGENTINA'S GREAT RIVER HIGHWAY: The twin-screw motor-ship *Argos* about to enter the water as it was launched last week from the yards of Messrs. Henry Robb, the Leith shipbuilders. The *Argos*, which is being built to the order of the Forestal Land, Timber, and Railways Company, is designed for operating in the shallow waters of the River Plate. She is 285 ft. long, with a beam of 50 ft., and will be able to carry up to 1,700 tons on a draught of 10 ft.

THESE SANCTIONS

What They Will Involve if the League Puts Them into Execution

By EDWARD BRADDEN

Within a day or so of the publication of this article the League of Nations will issue its final report on the Italo-Abyssinian embroglio, and some of our Pacifists—now calling for war—seem certain that the report will go wholly against Signor Mussolini. They should not be too sure. The League is face to face now with Sanctions, and by this time it is probably beginning to realise how serious Sanctions may be.

It is obvious, too, that Signor Mussolini is thinking, and thinking hard, as well he may. For he has given hostage to fortune in the shape of vast armies, transplanted to a land which cannot feed them, their base 2,000 miles across a sea which he cannot hope to command.

Doubtless many warlike Pacifists are counting on that in spite of the fact that Signor Mussolini has said that he will remain in the League if he can. The problem is to rescue the Duce from a position from which he cannot withdraw without dishonour or disaster. And the problem is accentuated by the fact that the Duce is the type of man who would prefer disaster to dishonour.

The question of the character of Sanctions and their application is very clearly dealt with in "Information Department Paper No. 17," which was issued last week by the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Although the opinions expressed therein are unofficial they are none the less of the greatest importance, and the following article is based on facts given in this publication.

Sanctions, of course, is the legal term for those measures which may be taken to secure obedience to the law. The League is perhaps logical in laying down the rule that it is of no use passing laws if you cannot enforce them. The dangerous aspect of the position is that if negotiations break down the League will employ Sanctions against all and sundry to maintain the edicts of Geneva, whether those concerned are members of the League or not.

Roughly—Sanctions may be described as

(a) Preventive or moral.
(b) Punitive.

The preventive Sanctions are purely pedantic and easily dismissed. The League at least realises that it cannot cope with things unless it has world public opinion at its back. It also believes that truth will out in world opinion, and that one of the ways of extracting the truth is to employ propaganda.

For the rest, while the League is rather impatient with the old diplomacy, it does not despise it altogether. It realises that an able Ambassador may sometimes intervene with success and that it is easier to conduct negotiations with countries in which the usual channels are still open.

It is when one comes to the punitive Sanctions that one becomes uneasy if not dismayed. It is most unfortunate that people have not had time to consider what in reality these Sanctions mean if they are put into execution. In effect they place it within the power of the League to promote and then direct the conduct of an amateur war.

For the sake of convenience the Sanctions which may be taken under the famous Article XVI of the Covenant and its kindred clauses are as follows :—

(1) International boycott. (2) Financial measures. (3) Economic boycott. (4) Economic blockade. (5) War ("Military measures").

It seems a logical if lamentable progression; but to understand how it will operate one must now presume that "final negotiations" have broken down and that the League is bent on dealing with some Covenant-breaking State, or with some other State outside the League not covered by separate agreements, which has been found guilty of "Aggression" or of an "Act of War." Trouble must inevitably then begin.

International Boycott.—This item may be slightly out of its proper place, but it is given first because it epitomises the whole spirit of the business. As prescribed by Article XVI it imposes on States which are members of the League :—

> The severance of all trade and financial relations.
>
> The prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State.
>
> The prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State whether a member of the League or not.

"Whether a member or not." How this incredible piece of "prevention" is to be effected it is hard to say.

Financial Measures.—The first thing which matters in war is money; and the League's Convention on Financial Assistance once worked out a plan whereby a State attacked, or threatened with attack, could be provided with ample funds. That arrangement was signed by thirty States but has remained in abeyance because it was dependent on the success of a General Disarmament Convention. But war changes things in a twinkling and the framework of the scheme is still there.

The next thing is to cut off the wrong-doer from financial assistance. It would be easy enough to prevent any direct or open loans being raised for the country of the wrong-doer in any of the States within the Covenant. It would be a more difficult matter to stop secret borrowing in the country of the wrong-doer. Besides, such measures might lead to retaliation—the refusal to pay dividends, the sequestration of funds and property, the repudiation of debts.

Thus, without so much as actual war occurring, finance, commerce, and industry might be thrown into general confusion in the Covenant States themselves.

Economic Boycott.—Simultaneously with the launching of the financial measures there would be put into force an economic boycott. Here the aim of the economic Sanctions is to destroy all trade between the members of the League and the wrongdoer. The Sanctions forbid all imports, the exportation of materials of war (including arms, munitions, and implements of war). It further prohibits all exports of all raw materials essential for war or industrial purposes.

Economic Blockade.—To ensure the success of the economic boycott it would have to be complete. And for various reasons it might well not be that. The League therefore might be compelled to resort to an economic blockade. Now there was a Blockade Committee, and it arrived at this conclusion :—

> The authors of the Covenant have considered the League of Nations as an organisation embracing all, or nearly all, the States, and capable of prompt action in the event of a breach of the Covenant. In the view of the International Blockade Committee, the application of Article XVI—even had the League been universal—might well have formidable consequences either for the League of Nations in general or for some of its members. But the aforesaid Committee was of the opinion that as the League of Nations had not attained a world-wide or nearly world-wide character, a very rigid application of Article XVI would not only meet with very great obstacles, but might also place the States Members of the League in very difficult situations. That is why the International Blockade Committee has seen fit to recommend solutions which in the present stage of the League of Nations will, as far as possible, make allowance for the facts as they are.

Well, that is a very serious warning indeed from the Blockade Committee.

This, however, is by no means all. We now come straight on to—**war**—Sanctions for war? That is not precisely the term employed. The correct term is "Military Measures" which is used in the sense of all warlike operations by sea, land, or air.

But how can the League put these Sanctions for warlike operations into effect supposing that other Sanctions fail and there arises an "Act of Aggression" or an "Act of War" which calls for the stern administration of justice? Well, the League has thought about the matter for years. It has toyed with the idea of a Permanent International police force; it has considered the notion of an International force consisting of contingents from the States Members of the League; and it has even contemplated "National Forces operating directly under the League, or indirectly with the League authority in accordance with treaties which are interdependent with the League Covenant." But in view of present contingencies not even Mr. Anthony Eden can propose to march at the head of forces such as these. No, the League does not really know what to do. It has not yet become what Sir Samual Hoare has called a "Super-State." Presumably if tragedy were to happen the League would fall back on the subterfuge of "recommending to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval, or air force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to protect the Covenants of the League."

A CHAPTER IN MEMEL'S HISTORY

Its Associations with Tragic Queen Louise of Prussia

To me Memel will always be associated with Queen Louise of Prussia, for it was here that she knew the happiest and also the saddest days of her life, and here that she had her first meeting with the "Unique Alexander."

In pre-war Germany the name of Queen Louise was always surrounded by a halo of romance. The picture of her by Gustaf Richter was in nearly every home, every visitor to Berlin went to see her tomb at Charlottenburg, the story of her patience and courage during the flight to Memel, of the hardships she endured, and of her meeting with Napoleon at Tilsit, was told over and over again and used as a background to novels, poems, plays, and operas. But somehow with the passing of the years her figure has grown a little dim; Elizabeth of England, Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine of Russia, Marie Antoinette of France, their names have remained fresh and vivid, they are remembered for their wisdom, their virtues, or their sins, but Louise of Prussia has been passed over, has become only a shadow.

"I anticipate perfect happiness," she wrote in 1793 when she first became engaged to Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, "not romantic happiness, but assuredly we shall be as happy as a married couple who love each other can be." That promise of happiness was however, never fulfilled. Sombre, reserved and taciturn, Frederick William never understood his wife, and the stiff, formal Court of Berlin looked askance at the lovely young Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, even after she became Queen, criticising her love of dancing, her extravagance in dress, her friendship with Schiller and Jean Paul Richter, the intimacy which existed between her and the handsome Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia. Berlin with its cold, rigid laws of etiquette and its malicious gossip, how it must have wearied Louise, and how she must have welcomed the idea of the journey to Memel, and the prospect of meeting the young Tsar of Russia of whom she had already heard so much!

And Memel prepared a great reception for her and her husband. They were rowed across the Haff in a boat garlanded with flowers, the narrow streets, the high gabled houses were bedecked with flags and streamers, the weather was perfect, there were smiles on all and every face.

And when on June 10 Frederick William rode out to meet his guest and brought him back to Memel, Louise, in a white embroidered dress, her golden brown hair crowned with diamonds, stood at the top of the wide staircase waiting to receive him. Some irresistible attraction seems to have drawn her to him from the very first, for it is said that when the tall, fair Emperor bowed over her hand she bent forward as if about to kiss him, and when he looked up at her, his blue eyes laughing, she stammered something about a Russian custom.

Who could have told that those golden days at Memel were to lead to such sorrow and disaster? History can tell us facts and figures, but it cannot read a woman's heart. How much Louise loved Alexander, or how far she failed in loyalty to her husband no one will ever know, but the charm of the young Emperor, so very different from Frederick William, the magic rides with him along the sand dunes, her walks with him in the gardens overlooking the sea, the ball in the quaint old merchants' house where they were living, the illuminations all over the harbour. all these remained with her, an unforgettable memory, made her drive her husband into an alliance with Austria and Russia, made her bolster up his faltering courage and urge him to declare war on Napoleon, that fatal war that was to lead to Saalfeld and Jena, the total defeat of the Prussian armies, and the flight to Memel!

What a different arrival from that other one when she had been received with waving flags, with music and cheering crowds. Driving now in an open peasant's cart, over the frozen harbour, ill and shaking with fever, sorrowing, anxious faces all round, news of fresh disasters arriving daily.

In April 1807, Alexander arrived once more at Memel and once more Louise fell under his charm, was fired to fresh enthusiasm, became convinced that he and her husband would sweep Napoleon's armies out of Prussia, and once more she learned the bitter lesson of defeat, and had to face the final humiliation of her fruitless appeal to Napoleon.

It was perhaps fortunate for her peace of mind that she did not know how nearly her beauty, her grace and her unhappiness had won the day. "The Queen of Prussia is a charming person," Napoleon told the Emperor Alexander a few days later. "Instead of taking a crown from her one would naturally like to lay another at her feet. The King of Prussia came at a fortunate moment. A quarter of an hour later and I would have given the Queen anything."

But Louise did not know this. For her there was nothing but the wearisome journey back to Memel, the summer passing, the empty grey days of autumn, the bitter northern winter with the east wind shrieking across the sand dunes, and the company of a husband in whose brooding silence she read only reproach and condemnation. M. B.

AUTUMN DAYS ON THE WINTER SKI-ING GROUNDS: Ascending the high pastures to shoot chamois among the mountains above Wengen in the Bernese Oberland. Shooting, which started this year on September 15, is now under strict government control, great care being taken to preserve the numbers of the chamois from season to season. In the past some of the flocks were almost decimated by thoughtless marksmen

CHAMOIS SHOOTING *in the* SWISS ALPS

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

A BATTLE OF WITS: Reloading after firing. The hearing of the chamois is so acute and its eyesight so good that it must be stalked with the greatest patience if an opportunity for a shot is to be obtained. When a flock is feeding one of the animals is always on the watch, ready to give warning if danger threatens

Below—TAKING AIM: A sportsman about to fire from behind a natural barrier where he could keep out of view of his quarry

GDYNIA TO-DAY: A liner moored alongside the quay near the new railway station. This rapidly growing port on the Baltic has already surpassed its older neighbour, Danzig, both in the annual volume of imports and exports and the tonnage of ships entering the harbour

Danzig's Rival Port

The Little Fishing Village of Gdynia Becomes a Thriving Centre of Commerce

By ROY ELSTON

ONE hardly expects to find a thriving new port suddenly stuck on to the coast of Europe. That sort of thing is all very well in the New World; in the old it gives one a shock. But since the war so many strange things have happened—Poland itself, for example; and Poland it is, with all the brave arrogance of her topsy-turvy re-birth, who, almost in a night, has bitten a harbour out of the Baltic coast and filled it with ships and merchandise. They have called it Gdynia. I had no idea how to pronounce it until I got there.

What a gesture! The Danzig merchants, German in sympathy and for the most part in race, and in spite of their city's inclusion in the Polish Customs system, upset the Polish exporters' apple-carts at every opportunity. The reply was dramatic. Danzig, the proud and ancient Hansa port, for centuries the chief mart of the Baltic, was suddenly, almost miraculously, faced by a powerful competitor. A fishing village of remote significance, on the other side of the Gulf of Danzig, had leapt, as by magic, into prominence as an international harbour; and a country of 32,000,000 souls had turned its back upon the proud Free Port and directed to the upstart its considerable volume of exports.

Danzig, in fact, had cut off her nose to spite her face. Anyway, that is the Polish version. There may be another. I have heard Gdynia attributed to the Pole's exaggerated sense of nationalism, and to the horrid determination of the Polish Republic to ruin at all costs the great port which it had tried in vain to annex. It hardly matters. The important fact is that Gdynia has justified itself in a practical way, and not only has given to Poland an admirable port entirely under Polish control, but has been the means of creating a Polish national marine which steadily increases.

It is a funny looking place; perhaps not so funny as surprising—American in its newness and sharpness and whiteness. You come round the Hel promontory and there it faces you: a few cliffs to right and left; forest on the heights, and bits of forest left over in the raw town. No antecedents—their absence strikes you before you come through the entrance to the main harbour. And an uncertain background—that racially criss-crossed corridor which is so hard to believe in.

Gleaming wharves; high-flung, modern-loading paraphernalia—great spindly things of steel crawling over the tops of ships and four-square warehouses; smells of coals, sugar, fats, hides, phosphates, timber, fresh cement, and I know not what else; the unfamiliar Polish cries of small, darkish stevedores; and the snorting of self-conscious Polish tugs. Refrigerators and handsome railway stations with very new little gardens in front of them; high, concrete façades with untidy open spaces between, and streets that look as if they had been finished that very morning, and need to be walked upon a great deal more.

Glittering new shops; glittering new banks; spick-and-span offices with spick-and-span clerks ticking away at American adding machines; freshly-painted tables in big, white, efficient hotels; and flies that can hardly credit their good luck as they buzz contentedly through what, a few years ago, was a tiny fishing village.

"I feel there ought to be pipe-lines at the back," said a Swedish-American companion, "or gold-fields, or something of that sort."

"There is better than that," replied a Polish friend. "There are the products of a country of 32,000,000 people, and a fair percentage of those of our southern neighbours as well, Czechoslovakia, for instance. Besides, in front of us we have Scandinavia, exporting, through us, to southern Europe and the East. Gdynia, is new, but the trade it carries is as old as Europe."

We drank a glass of beer in a handsome café filled with citizens who, in their noise and brightness and self-assurance, seemed as anxious as any Babbit to testify to their belief in the future of Gdynia; and even as in Gophir Prairie, every Gdynian we met exhorted us to "Watch Gdynia grow!" After all, the registered tonnage of ships entering Gdynia has been going up each year in leaps and bounds: 1,442,000 in 1929; 2,027,000 in 1930; 3,426,000 in 1933. In 1926 only fourteen flags were represented in the port's traffic; twenty-six in 1933.

We met a fat man with sleek hair and a diamond ring who had all the statistics of Gdynia off by heart. "I'll tell the world!" exclaimed my Swedish-American friend as we emerged from the fat man's office after having listened for more than an hour to all the arguments—statistical, ethical, and political—with which the fat man with sleek hair and a diamond ring had done his best to convince us that there was only one thing in the world greater than Gdynia, and the Poles hadn't done that yet. Well, good luck to him, and to the Poles. There is something fine in a gesture like Gdynia, something that cuts away the old anti-Versailles criticisms that the Poles cannot develop their own country as well as the Austro-Germans who formerly controlled large parts of it.

Ten years ago the site of Gdynia was a strip of desolate Baltic seashore on the south-western coast of the Gulf of Danzig. At that time the chief port of the Baltic, and the focus of Poland's overseas trade, was the Free Port of Danzig, which Poland had failed, not for want of trying, to make an integral part of their own territory. The precarious situation both of the Free Port and of the Corridor, by which the new republic gained access to the sea, caused perpetual friction, and there is, perhaps, as little to wonder at in the stubbornness of the Danzig authorities when faced by the demands of the Polish merchants, as in the determination of the Poles to make themselves completely independent of the Free Port. Certain it is that the remarkable expansion in Poland's overseas trade called for better facilities than Danzig could, or would, provide.

At first the threat to Danzig was not taken seriously. The exchange of sea-borne trade between Scandinavia and the Western States on the one hand, and Eastern Europe and parts of Russia on the other, had for so long depended on the port of Danzig that only exuberant Polish patriots and a few well-secured French financiers imagined for one minute that competition could be looked for from the unpromising strip of coast which forms the northern boundary of the Polish Corridor.

The threat began to look real when, in 1924, a powerful Franco-Polish consortium was officially concluded for the purpose of building a national port on Polish territory to the south-west of Danzig. Even then the tendency was to scoff at the Polish effort. In 1930 the first section of the harbour was completed, in 1934 the second section was in operation, and the port, already functioning internationally in 1926, is now in full swing. The harbour consists of basins partly excavated inland, and partly formed by the thrusting of wharves into the sea, the wharves being formed of the sand excavated from the basins dug out of the shore. The quays are constructed almost exclusively of concrete casings.

The entire apparatus of a modern sea-port handling an enormous volume of international trade has been set up at Gdynia. Behind the harbour a completely new, modern city has been laid out. I hardly remember a single thing, except an oak tree which was pointed out to me with almost pathetic pride, which could have been on this site fifteen years ago. There can be no other settlement of this size, much less of this importance, in the whole of Europe, which is so utterly, uncompromisingly new. If they have not made the most of the opportunity from an architectural standpoint, they have at least done enough to be spared that criticism until another occasion.

The point is that Gdynia, as a port, is an accomplished fact: has it really justified itself?

We sat in the shadows of a big beet-sugar warehouse drinking coffee. A hot sun shone on white wharves and façades; gleamed from the dark, sweaty faces of stevedores, flickered back from the peaks of braided caps; glittered from huge steel mechanisms flung out across harbour and ship. New enough and emphatically in full swing. No question about justification; all these technical wonders shuttling through the air, all this rattling and bustling and hissing, must have a purpose, must be filling some need. Everywhere, and almost invariably in action, were giant coal wagon tipplers, belt conveyors, bridge cranes, portal cranes, automatic weighing machines. Constant movement among warehouses, refrigerators, ore, and metal dumps. Ships' sirens sounding, railway engines shunting long lines of wagons. . .

"Is all this activity at the cost of Danzig?"

"Most of it."

Poor Danzig. She had troubles enough before. The Polish Corridor had already isolated her from the main body of Germany, and therefore from her old position in relation to the areas of the West; and even her trade with East Prussia had been seriously reduced as a result of the artificial political frontier cutting off that German province from its old trade routes. And now Gdynia!

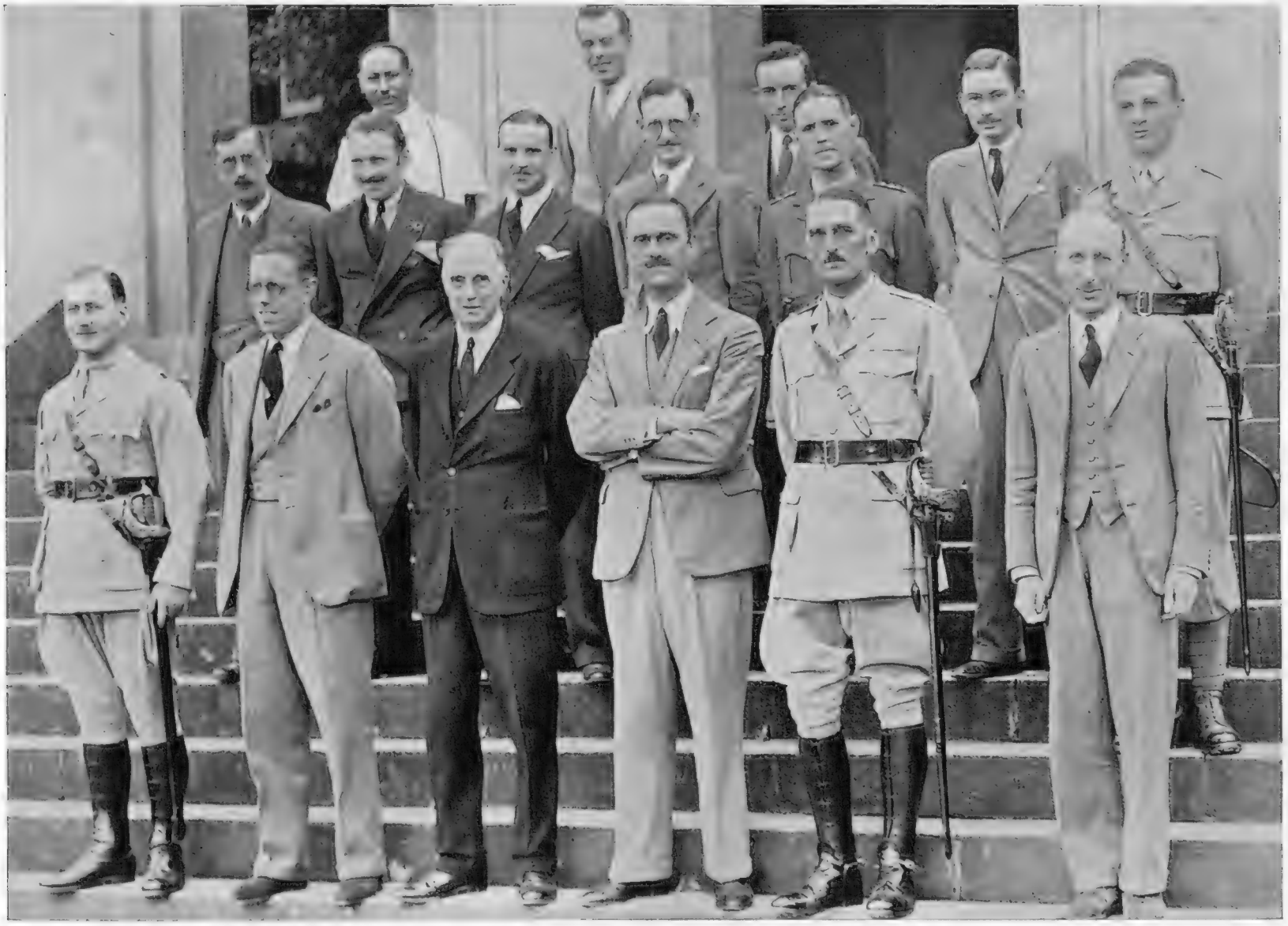
I was taken through I do not know how many thousands of square yards of Gdynian warehouse, most of them filled nearly to the roof with such goods as sugar, fruit, fish, hides, fats, artificial manures, and textiles.

"And now," said my companion, "when you go to Danzig just drop in at the warehouses there. There are more of them, but they're emptier!"

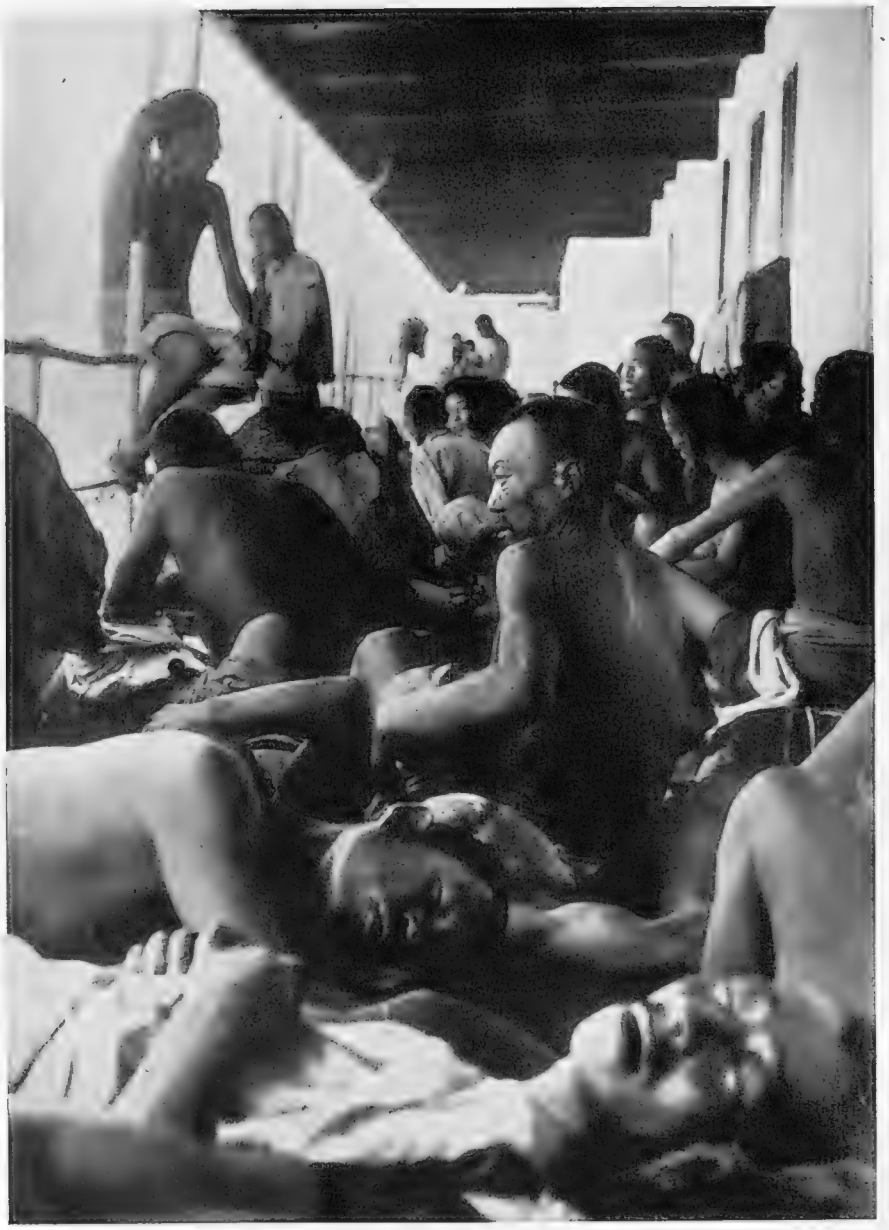
I did not go to Danzig. If I had done, I could not have written this article; I feel sure my sympathies for the old Hansa Port would have made me silent concerning the upstart across the gulf; for if her warehouses are emptier, and her harbour less efficient, Danzig still has something Gdynia lacks—something very beautiful, which keeps out of the statistics. That, however, is small consolation to the Free Port when she reads that the freight turnover for Gdynia in 1933 was 6,106,000 tons as against Danzig's 5,153,000, and that, whereas the latter is decreasing, the former is rapidly increasing; and the annoying part of it is that Danzig has only herself to blame.

The British Legation at Addis Ababa and Its Guards

SECRET ENTRY: Sikhs from the 5/14th Punjabis seen the day after their arrival at Addis Ababa from Poona to reinforce the guard at the British Legation. Great secrecy surrounded their movements and they detrained at night and before reaching the capital, as it was feared that if they marched through the city in daylight their presence might lead to sensational rumours among the natives. The men are used to living at high altitudes and find the climate of Addis Ababa quite congenial



BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE BLACK EMPIRE: Members of the Diplomatic and Consular Services and officers of the new Sikh Guard posing for a picture on the steps of the British Legation, a handsome stone-built residence situated in a park some miles from the centre of Addis Ababa. Left to right: Front row—Captain G. A. E. Keene, Mr. Roberts, Sir Sidney Barton (the British Minister), Mr. William Linskill Bond (the Consul), Major W. F. Charter, M.C. (Commander of the Punjabis), and Mr. N. Meyers. Centre row—Mr. Craig, Mr. Lea, Mr. L. T. Cotton, Mr. Bradley, Captain T. E. Palmer (Medical Officer), Mr. A. R. Trapman (the Vice-Consul), and Lieutenant R. A. Anthony. Back row—Mr. Talara Wong, Mr. Royle, and Mr. Gurdry. Sir Sidney Barton, who was formerly Consul-General at Shanghai, was appointed to his present post in 1929, and during his six years in the Ethiopian capital has not only become extremely popular but has had a pronounced influence on social life at Court, assisting the Emperor Haile Selassie to model etiquette on European standards



REFUGEES FROM STRICKEN KINGCHOW: Men lying exhausted on the deck of a river steamer as they were conveyed downstream from the flooded areas of the province of Hu-Peh. All of them had lost their homes and personal possessions

THE RAGING YANGTSE

MAROONED IN AN OCEAN OF WATER: Flooded houses on the outskirts of Shasi, an important commercial centre on the right bank of the Yangtse

The Great Chinese River Proves More Out of Hand than Ever, Once Again Overflowing its Banks and Devastating the Surrounding Countryside

THIRTY years ago the Yangtse was a much milder and tamer river than it is to-day. The rapids themselves in the upper reaches are no more formidable than they were in 1898 when steam navigation between Ichang, 1,000 miles from the sea, and Chungking, 400 miles farther up, was introduced. Floods, however, are definitely becoming worse on the Yangtse. The Yellow River (Hwangho) has also misbehaved grievously recently, and in August this year had inundated most of Shantung, the province of Confucius. The latter stream, "China's Sorrow" (which frequently and increasingly of late encounters close competition from the Yangtse for that unenviable title) has for centuries been erratic, running hither and thither, and in 1851 the most dramatic change of direction in its history enabled it to find a new mouth 300 miles north of its former outlet, with what misery and at what cost to millions can be imagined.

What is making the Yangtse more dangerous is the rise of the river *bed* through silt. If the water could overflow at will there would be no problem. It cannot be allowed to do so, and to drown thousands, so dykes are built higher and higher to keep it in its course. Thus, a foaming channel of water plunges down an elevated canal, as it were, with low-lying land which is densely populated, perilously exposed on either side and in a helpless position if the protecting wall is pierced.

Within one week, when the water has invaded the streets, silt of 2 to 3 ft., solid and soon hard as bricks, is left behind. This indicates how much silt must form in the river bed itself and how this deposit is raising the datum level annually.

The pseudo-erudite theory that the summer rise of the Yangtse is attributable to "the snows of Tibet" has been found to be fallacious. It is very heavy, concentrated local rains that raise the river, especially at points not far below tributaries—and tributaries abound along the banks.

"River, Stay 'Way from My Door." We played this darkie "blues" melody on my gramophone in my house nearly 1,000 miles from the sea, on this "Ole Man River" at Shasi last spring, little thinking that within a few months the Yangtse would be 7 ft. deep inside "my door," which was battered in by waves in their eagerness to mount the landing to the upper floor. The water rose so rapidly, following relentless, incessant rainfall, that whole villages were swept away, their huts still full of families who would be squashed flat and drowned like rats when the roofs caved in. The main dyke did not break, fortunately, for if it had done this whole city of 100,000 inhabitants would have been washed away, lying, as Shasi would then have done, at the foot of a colossal Niagara. My own house, the Customs Commissioner's residence, poised in front of the dyke, was well filled with water, but did not collapse as its foundations were strong, although its floors were heaving with the pressure of water in and above the basement.

Kingchow walled city, a suburb of Shasi, was marooned in an ocean of water at places forty feet deep. It was only the old walls of this ancient Tartar city, which, until the downfall of the Empire in 1911, contained the largest Manchu garrison south of Pekin, that kept the water out, all gates being hurriedly closed and fissures blocked.

AN IMPROVISED ARK: Ponies which sought refuge on the roof of a partly submerged house

THE UNTAMED TORRENT: The Yangtse floodwaters pouring down a street at Kingchow, a suburb of the town of Shasi

Water roared past, plunging straight over Tsao-shih, another suburb, which had completely disappeared under the flood. In company with the head of the local Franciscan mission, and the only British merchant in Shasi, I visited Kingchow by sampan immediately after the flood, having great difficulty in making headway against fierce currents, and we returned to Shasi by the express route down the raging weirs, rocked by rapids, and hurtling over the roofs of houses buried deep in the invading waters. Bodies of babies, adults, horses, buffaloes, and pigs bobbed about in the current or clung to trees where they had been caught.

A 12-ft. wall of water came down upon other cities and villages, carrying all before it and extinguishing life instantaneously. The fate of survivors stranded on lonely islets or perched on tree tops and left to die slowly of starvation for lack of adequate measures of relief to cope with such an overwhelming disaster was probably much worse than that of those who received the more sudden call.

Trousers were being torn off people's legs to be filled with beans in order to raise the height of the main dyke, there being a lack of gunny bags for the purpose.

A cloudburst tore a huge scar or gully down the side of a mountain, leaving a permanent gash as a memento.

Never do we want to see another such flood, the worst that has ever occurred in living memory at Shasi.

A. C. Hyde Lay

Arming in Ogaden

Ethiopian Troops Leave the City of Harar to Go to the Defence of Their Southern Frontier

Below—OFF TO THE FRONT: Lorries drawn up in the main square at Harar, capital of the Province of Ogaden, as more warriors were despatched to join the force which the Emperor has assembled near the borders of Italian Somaliland to check the advance which will be made by General Graziani and his men in the event of war being declared

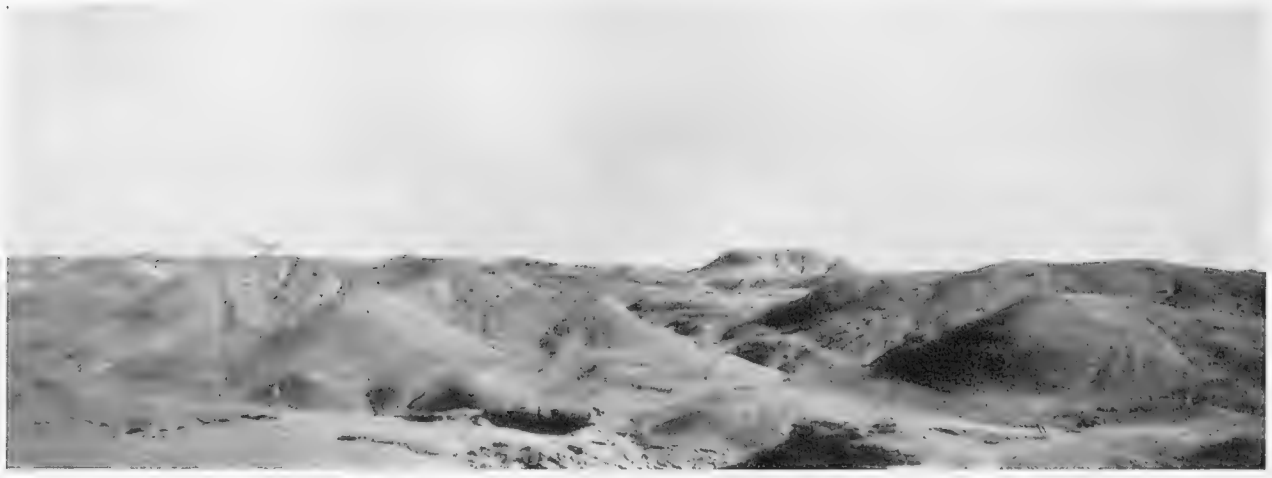
WHITE-ROBED RECRUITS about to leave Harar by lorry. This city, which ranks second only to Addis Ababa in importance, was founded in the twelfth century by Hararic Mussulmans from Arabia. For eight hundred years it was self-governing but in 1890 was taken by Ras Makonnen, the father of Haile Selassie

YOUNG AND OLD GO FORTH TO WAR

Three generations of the same family are represented in this group of warriors. On reaching the Ogaden desert region they were instructed to unite with the Addis Ababa units under the command of General Habuta Mikaille, Governor of the Province of Kullo and an ex-commandant of the Emperor's bodyguard

THROUGH THE BURNING DANAKIL DESERT

Scenes in the Aussa Sultanate and in the Torrid Basin of the Awash River, in Eastern Abyssinia, which was Recently Explored by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger



ADAU, "THE PLACE OF THIRST": Typically undulating country, to the east of the Awash, traversed by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger on his journey of exploration which resulted in his becoming the first white man to trace the river to its end in the lake of Abhebad. The territory, which was partly covered by the late Mr. L. M. Nesbitt, is of particular interest at the moment, as General de Bono's force now stationed in Eritrea may advance across it in the event of war breaking out between Italy and Abyssinia

THE VAST, SANDY DESERT OF KURUB: Mr. Thesiger's caravan of nearly twenty camels crossing desolate territory some miles beyond the Tandaho Pass, where the Awash River suddenly changes from a northward to an eastward course

IN THE KULZIKUMA FOOTHILLS: During the rainy season, when the fertile lands of Aussa are flooded, the natives prefer to move with their herds into this somewhat inhospitable region, where they live in crude rock-built shelters, seemingly undistressed by the blazing heat of their basalt surroundings. On the right is the edge of the dense forests which stretch towards the Awash

THE AWASH IN NORTHERN AUSSA Whe Sultanate. This territory is under Ethiopia suze Selassie, but the relationship has alwa been

THE SLOPES OF MOUNT JIRA: Two of the numerous craters through which at varying times lava has poured forth on to the surrounding countryside, and given it the appearance rather of a lunar than a terrestrial landscape. In the dry season the heat here is almost unbearable

Mr. Wilfred Thesiger's remarkable journey along the course of the Awash has earned him high praise, for he not only succeeded in the spectacular feat of discovering the end of this once mysterious river, but he brought home a great deal of anthropological information of the first importance,

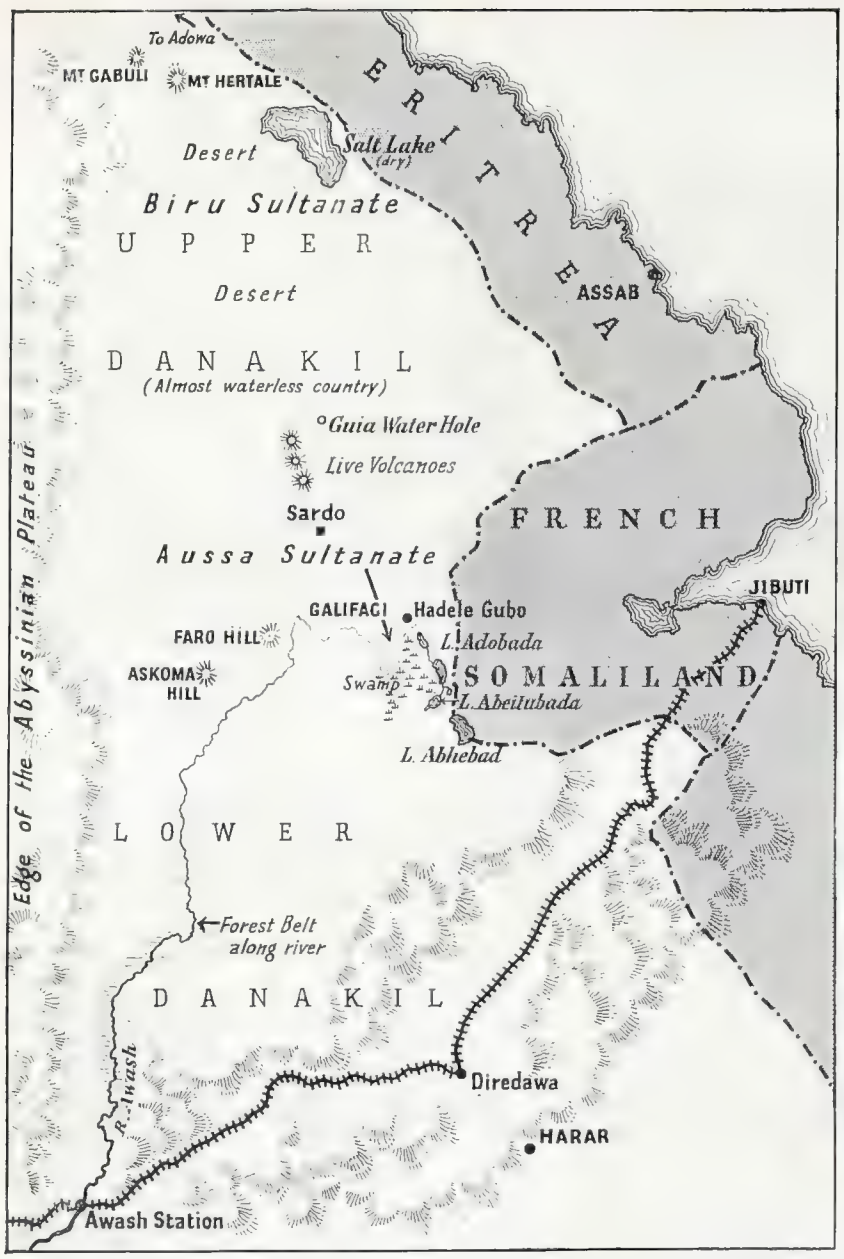
THE SWAMPS OF SOUTHERN AUSSA: Reed beds, infested with crocodile and python, through which the Awash meanders on its way from lake to lake. The Dankali natives assured Mr. Thesiger that the river lost itself here, but by perseverance in the face of untold difficulties he was able to find where it continued its course, and to trace it finally to its entrance to the sodium lake of Abhebad. Rising in the distance is a volcanic formation typical of this region

SA Where the river flows placidly through the forest lands of the
ia suzerainty, and its ruler owes allegiance to the Emperor Haile
a) been largely nominal owing to Aussa's comparative inaccessibility

SINTER FORMATIONS IN THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OE LAKE ABHEBAD: Fantastically shaped mineral deposits, averaging 30 ft. in height, which extend for over two miles along the shore. They are formed by water from the hot springs acting on the sodium of the lake, and are of a dirty grey colouring

ed and this in spite of the fact that Mr. Haig-Thomas, who was to have accompanied him, fell ill at the last moment. When dealing with the tribesmen, Mr. Thesiger had to use courage, tact, and the greatest patience, for his presence in many parts of the Sultanate was clearly regarded with the gravest suspicion, even though he was travelling with the approval of the Emperor Haile Selassie

WHERE THE AWASH ENDS ITS WEARY COURSE: Lake Abhebad, which Mr. Thesiger is certain has no exit. There is practically no vegetation in this grim and desolate region, the drinking water is hot and brackish, and the shores largely consist of treacherous black mud



THE LAND OF THE DANAKILS: A sketch map of Eastern Ethiopia showing the course of the Awash River which was recently followed to its end for the first time by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, who made the discovery that it terminated in the sodium lake of Abhebad. To the north of the river lies the waterless region of Upper Danakil which is described in the notes on this page by the late Mr. L. M. Nesbitt

The Lunar Landscape of Danakil

Barren Territory in Eastern Ethiopia

The late Mr. L. M. Nesbitt, who met his death a short while ago in an aeroplane disaster, was the greatest authority of the time on the Danakil country, that forbidding stretch of territory through which the Italians may advance in the event of war. The accompanying notes, written by Mr. Nesbitt himself prior to the publication of his remarkable volume, "Desert and Forest," are therefore of the greatest interest at this juncture, and help the reader to form an idea of the formidable natural obstacles which Mussolini's forces may have to face.

IN Upper Danakil one realises what a *sine qua non* factor water is. It is a dry country without question. Water is found only at certain water-holes, often four or even six days' journey apart, which accounts for the scarcity of the population and in the dry stretches between, for the awe-inspiring desolation and utter lack of anything alive, animal or vegetable. The water-holes are often mere wells dug deep in the ground, a foot or two in diameter by some 6 or 9 ft. in depth, and from the bottom of which a mineralised liquid percolates in small quantities almost drop by drop, to the agony of the thirsty. Sometimes these wells dry out, for a period or for good, when the sequence or amount of the rains on the distant plateau has suffered any variations, or a feeding torrent has altered its course to distribute its supply to another sector of the lowlands which stretch from the far-away spurs of the plateau to the sea coast.

These conditions all foster a state of continuous apprehension as to the morrow, since no travellers are met and the portion of the country we traversed is uninhabited except in a few places, where unmineralised water and moisture below the surface allow a little pasture. The natives themselves do not stir; they keep to these isolated and rare spots and guard them with suspicion and jealousy. Thus from place to place the barren country is almost unknown to the majority of them except for the very few who, once or twice in their lives, have chanced to cover such stretches. In some cases our very guides had not been over the ground for ten or even fifteen years. Accordingly, information was scanty and unreliable, and we had the prospect when leaving a water-hole of finding the next well dried out, after four or six days' travel to it. So that it sometimes happened that we had, on arriving, to continue because the long-hoped-for recess held nothing but caked mud. Then the remnants of our water provisions were treasured more than all the gold on earth and doled out not to waste one single drop, till even that little ended and the last goat-skin was wrung. I have sucked, and the others did the same, the very sacks which still held some moisture from the exudation of the goat-skins they were wrapped around during the journey to protect them from evaporation or ripping.

Only on very rare occasions, probably twice or three times in all Upper Danakil, did we find an abundance of fair unmineralised water. This was in all instances in deep volcanic hollows occurring, for example, in basalt flows and which a torrent had chanced to fill, as once in a period of several centuries it had succeeded in carrying the plateau rains so far east into Danakil. These impermeable cavities, some of considerable size, storing comparatively speaking great quantities of water, can outlast for a few years any vagaries in the run of the seasons, when there is no demand on them and they suffer only from evaporation. They may accordingly be considered as permanent water-holes as against those giving only an occasional supply.

Yet even where these singular permanent water-holes are to be found, just because their site is deep-set in rock usually volcanic, the conditions about are of the most prohibitive to life of any kind, and one would search in vain for any vegetation. A forbidding landscape of harsh black lava or basalt flows, the former with all the signs of its fearful, slow but unrelenting progress, the latter in bluish ramparts of columnar structure often overtopping white chalk beds almost incandescent in a blazing sun, at the torturing heat of 170 deg. F., affords no means for any life to exist, and only in some remote instances we witnessed a few deadly snakes and their transient prey, the desert partridge. These birds, sometimes in numbers together, fly great distances according to the season of the year, to reach a water-hole at sunset, and thereby often assist the thirsty traveller through the direction of their evening flight. The snake, the sole permanent inhabitant, deeply hidden in the moist cracks of the rocks around the water-hole, comes out only at sunset to prey on the birds which have arrived from above at that time of the day to drink.

In contrast, in Lower Danakil game is plentiful; in places the forest along the Awash teems with wild life, especially monkeys and brightly-coloured birds. In the river there are hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish; on the banks there are boars, snakes, leopards, buck, gazelles, and antelopes of many kinds, these latter animals grazing in flocks, sharing the pasture with zebras, ostriches, and wild asses, and almost unafraid of man's approach on the short grass.

With regard to fruit, I found none except, very rarely, a few hard berries from a thorny tree, tasting like very poor cherries, and others, from a bush, of a sickly-sweet, gluey consistency under a bitter red skin. In the Aussa and at some water-holes in Upper Danakil, near the Hertale Group, the dum variety of palm grows, from which a liquid is extracted which goes under the name of dum-wine. Slightly acid and pleasant to the taste for a few hours after dripping from an incision made in the tree trunk, after a day it is not fit to drink, having turned quite sour.

Upper Danakil was covered in half the time we took for Lower Danakil, as we had to travel through the former almost always by compulsory forced marches, from water-hole to water-hole, usually at night when the moon was favourable, to avoid the heat, or at sunset and before sunrise.

Concerning the ground we travelled upon, we experienced from the easiest to the hardest conditions. At times we passed over perfectly level boundless expanses of clayey, talcy surfaces, beautifully smooth and hard, or flaky and crisp or over soft gravel or fine sand on a hard bottom, and these

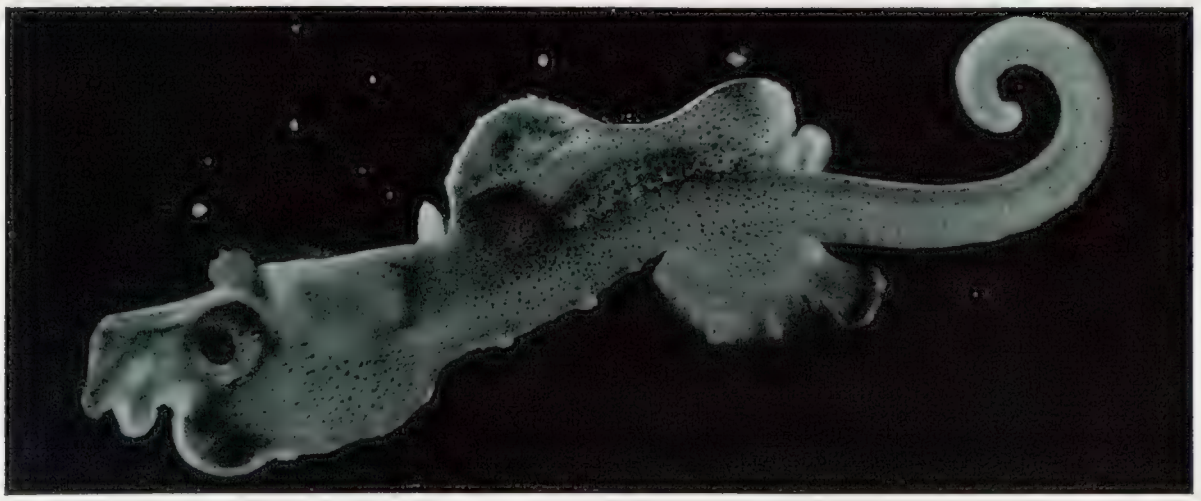
(Continued on p. 38)

A CANYON OF THE AWASH: The river placidly flowing between massive walls of rock about two hundred miles above its termination in Lake Abhebad

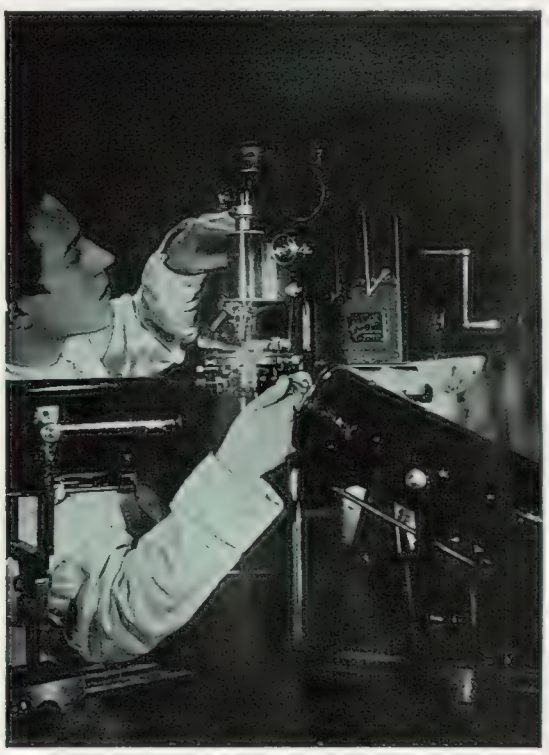
WHERE THE RAILWAY CROSSES THE AWASH: A sight familiar to travellers on their way from Jibuti to Addis Ababa

UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE SEA

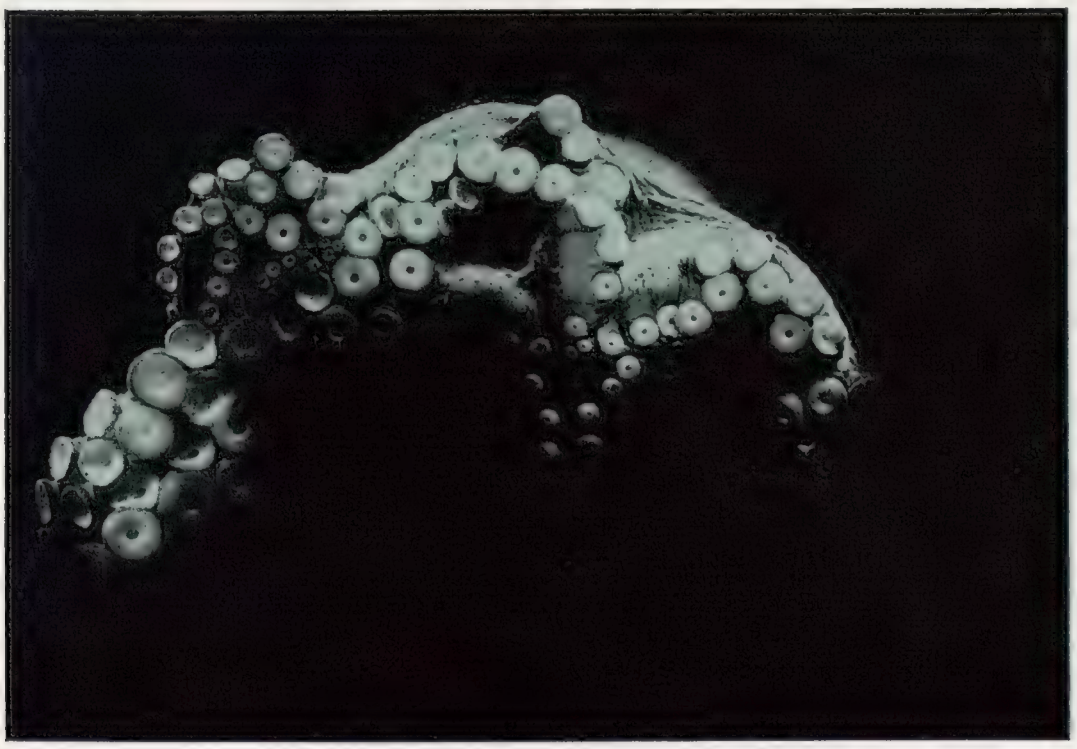
M. Jean Painlevé and His Camera Studies of Marine Biological Life



Left—THE HIPPOCAMPUS: This photograph of the embryo of a sea-horse was taken by M. Jean Painlevé, son of the eminent French statesman, scientist, and aviation expert, who has for some time past been making an intensive study of under-water life. *On right*—M. Painlevé seen with his elaborate moving picture camera and wearing the oxygen apparatus which allows him to remain submerged. His greatest problem has been to devise lighting equipment which will illuminate the depths sufficiently for photographic purposes but not to an extent which would startle the fish and cause them to act in a manner contrary to normal

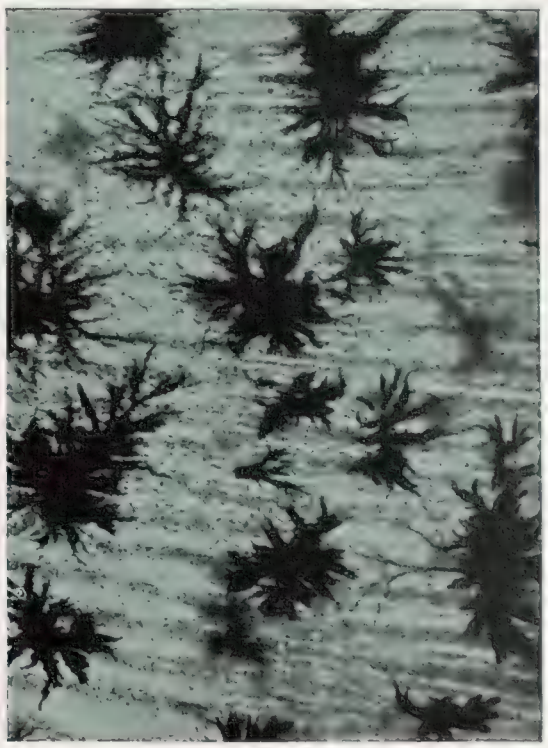


MICROCINEMATOGRAPHY: M. Painlevé with the apparatus *(right)* which he used for producing the picture on the left which shows the fanlike tail of a shrimp enormously enlarged. The tail, like the rest of the body, is almost translucent, and it is coloured to harmonise with the sand



SUCKERS OF AN OCTOPUS

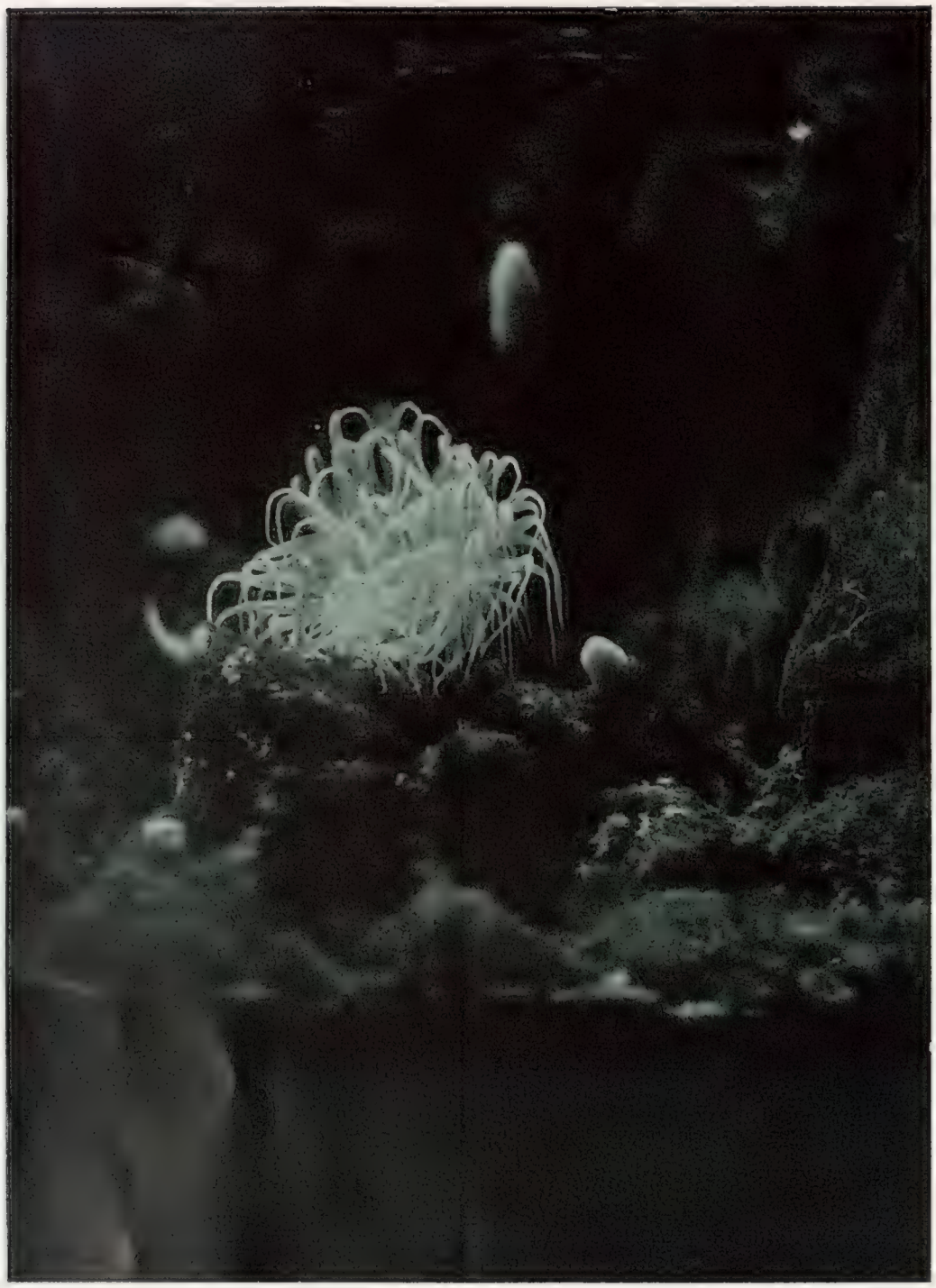
A section of one of the creature's arms showing its deadly equipment for gaining a grip on its victims



HIDDEN PATTERNS REVEALED BY THE CAMERA: An enlarged section of a shrimp's tail showing the delicate and strangely shaped markings

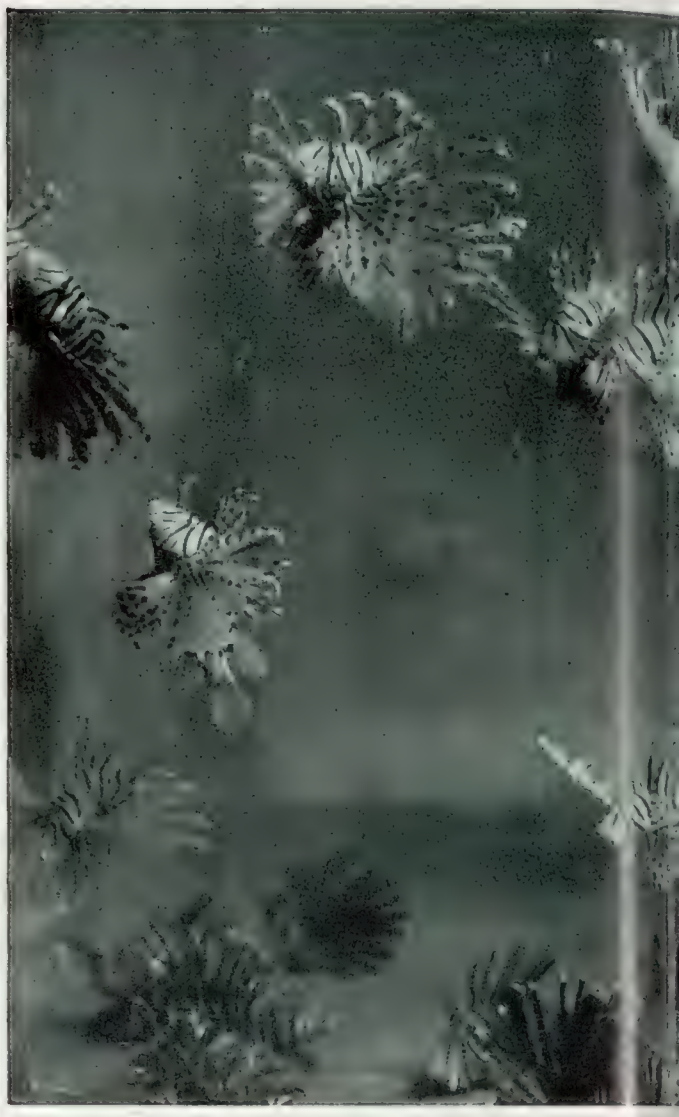
SECRETS OF

Interesting Species of Fish



HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

A striking type of sea anemone which was found off the coast of France and has recently been added to the collection at Berlin Aquarium



ORNATE INHABITANTS OF INDIAN WATERS

CENTRISCUS SCOLOPAX

CANNIBAL SEA PERCHES

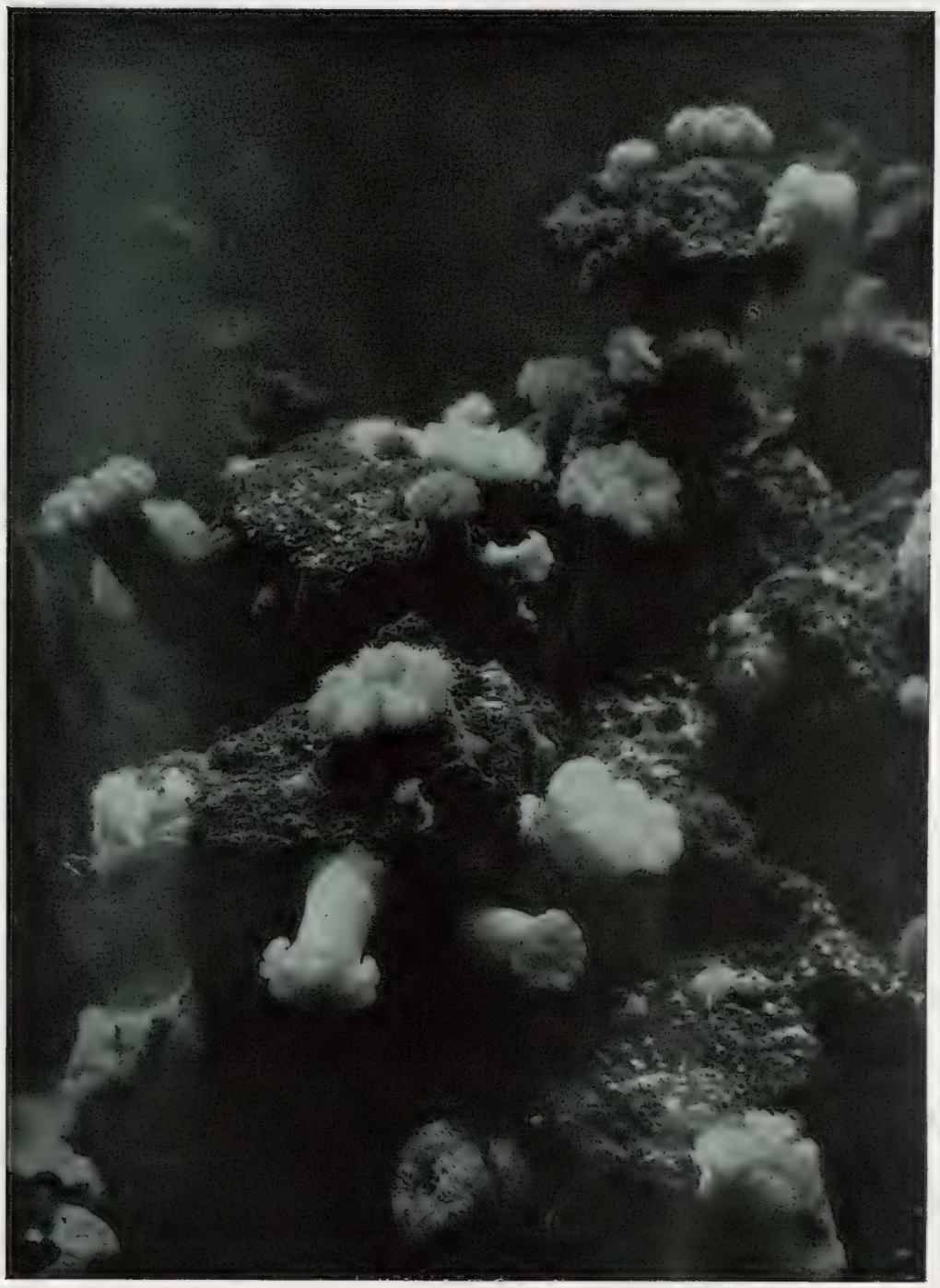
These fish, which are in the habit of devouring one another, are found in large numbers in the vicinity of Madras. They are snow-white and have magnificent, broad crimson bands

PREMNAS PERCULA

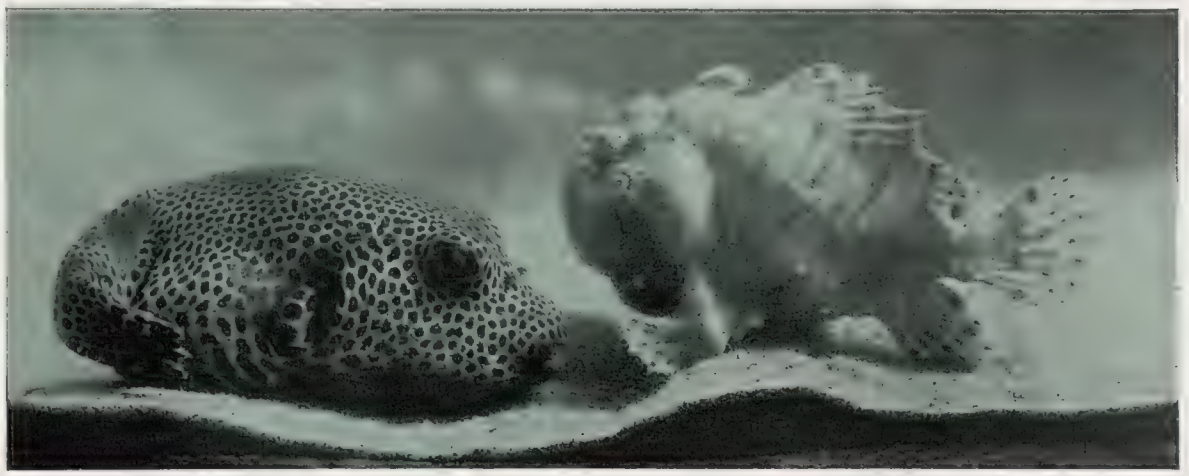
F THE DEEP

ish and Under-Water Plants

These scorpion fish have fins that have attained a size far beyond that required for swimming. Visitors to aquariums often note how the fish move like mannequins, sailing along very slowly and gracefully. *On right*—Under-water plant life in Berlin Aquarium



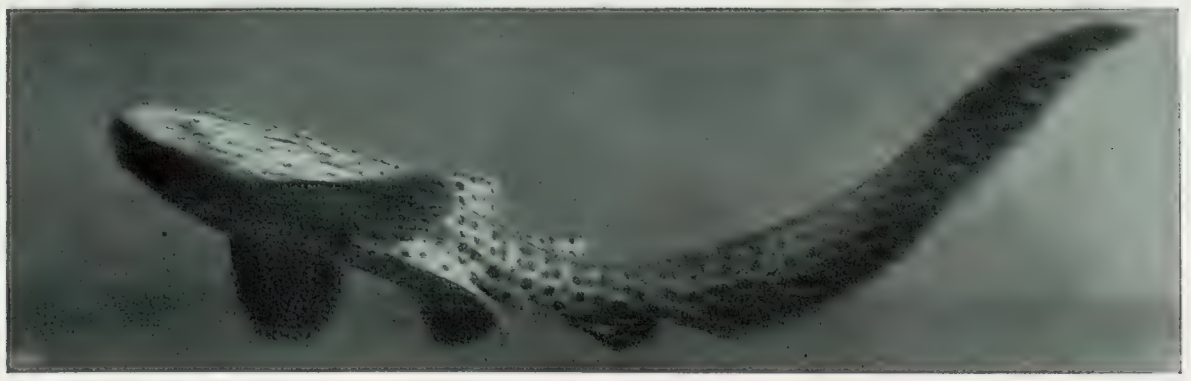
Miniature members of the swordfish family which frequent the Mediterranean at depths ranging from thirty to fifty fathoms



A puffer fish (*left*) about to attack. When angered the puffer will not only inflate its body, but will sometimes raise the thorny spikes which lie at rest against its skin

THE PORCUPINE'S MARINE COUNTERPART

These little fish, which are orange and white in colouring, are inhabitants of the Java and Flores Seas



A formidable and brightly-coloured member of the shark family. Its markings make it easy to recognise

TIGER SHARK

BY APPOINTMENT

The quality which has always inspired the British Empire to great achievements is displayed to-day in the production of the finest of all DIGESTIVE BISCUITS

Mc VITIE & PRICE'S
Digestive
BISCUIT

SOLD BY ALL GOOD GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS

THIS SUBSIDY BUSINESS

The Enormous Expense the Taxpayer Has to Shoulder in Bolstering Up Various Industries in Times of Difficulty

By J. BAKER WHITE

SPEAKING at the annual meeting of the P. & O. Shipping Line a few days ago Mr. Alexander Shaw, the chairman, drew attention to the grave danger with which more than one British shipping line is threatened as a result of unfair competition from heavily-subsidised foreign lines. Thus, once again, does the question of subsidies come forcibly into public notice. According to the dictionary a subsidy is "a grant from the Government, from a Municipal Corporation, or the like, to a private person or company to assist in the establishment or support of an enterprise deemed advantageous to the public." Actually in practice subsidies as we know them are payments made by the Exchequer, out of money collected from the taxpayers, to this or that industry to assist their development or to protect them from the danger of collapse. It may take various forms—tariffs, export bounties, and derating are indirect subsidies—but it is the direct subsidy that is most important at the present time.

Since the war the world has gone subsidy mad, though the madness arose from the post-war economic chaos and the spread of economic nationalism. Take but one example, the shipping industry. Between 1920 and 1928 the United States subsidised shipping construction to the extent of £60,000,000, and has spent close on £5,000,000 a year on running the ships. Italy has spent increasing sums on subsidising her shipping lines, about £3,588,500 in 1933–34 alone, as has Germany and France, the taxpayers having a large interest in the ill-fated liners, *Atlantique* and *Georges Philippar*. It was recently reported that the French Government proposes to cut shipping subsidies, but it has been calculated that some forty maritime nations are helping their merchant fleets with public funds. And Australian wool, United States cotton, pigs and wheat, Brazilian coffee, German corn and tobacco, Polish coal, and a dozen other commodities have been or are in the receipt of subsidies.

Until fairly recently Britain had left subsidies alone, except in relation to housing construction, but to-day the subsidy infection is spreading rapidly and expensively from one industry to another. The housing subsidy has been going so long that we have almost forgotten its existence, but it is worth remembering that since 1919 about £684,000,000 has been spent on subsidised housing, and that the present rate of expenditure is approximately £17,000,000 a year. Many people have also forgotten, or perhaps have never known, that they have been subsidising the sugar-beet industry since 1924. Up to this year the payments made had totalled £40,000,000, and the annual sum payable under the new scheme is likely to be over £3,000,000 a year. This subsidy is supposed to have saved the sugar-beet industry, but some farmers outside the beet area have very strong views about it. They declare that much of the money has gone into the pockets of the sugar manufacturers—they made £821,000 profit last year—including a number of foreign firms, and that the Irish seasonal labourers and the Dutch motor-barge owners have also had handsome pickings. Mr. A. G. Street, writer and dairy-farmer, seems doubtful if sugar-beet represents more than 5 per cent. of the total farmers' income, but acreage rose from 255,000 acres in 1932 to 397,000 in 1934, and there are some 40,000 growers.

Wheat was the next to claim a subsidy, and while the deficiency payments on the 1932 Act are not a charge on public funds they are a subsidy in that the money is collected from the millers and by them from the public.

Arrangements made at Ottawa with the Dominions compelled the milk subsidy, as it did the beef subsidy as well. This is supposed to be a "temporary advance"—this term has been used about subsidies now ten years old—at the rate of 5s. per cwt. live-weight, or 9s. 4d. dead-weight, to give the beef farmer something a little nearer to an economic price for his stock, and the annual cost is about £4,000,000. There is also a sort of subsidy now in operation in certain districts to enable the unemployed to get potatoes at reduced prices. Then the parlous state of the herring fishing industry was brought to the notice of our legislators, with the result that it is to receive £125,000 a year for a start and a "loan account" of £600,000. Shipping and shipbuilding are also in receipt of subsidies. The Government provided an "advance" of £3,000,000, repayable in 1975, towards the building of the *Queen Mary*, while it has set aside £1,500,000 as working capital for the Cunard White Star merger. It also has power to put up another £5,000,000 towards the cost of another ship. And now the British tramp ship industry is to get £2,000,000 to protect it against unfair competition from heavily subsidised competitors.

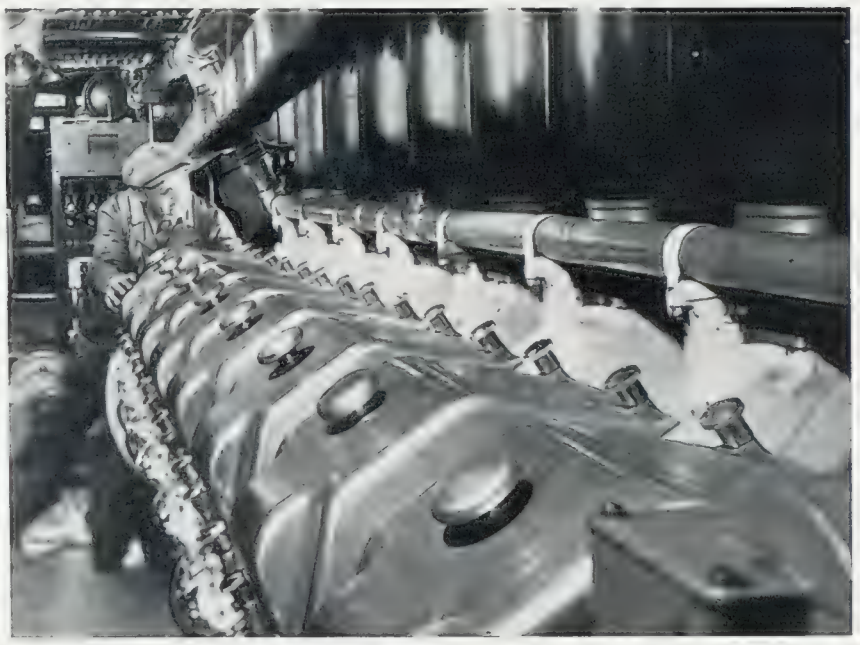
From these figures we can arrive at the following interesting little table of our present commitments in the way of subsidies:—

Housing	approx.	£17,000,000
Shipping	,,	2,000,000
Shipbuilding	,,	4,500,000
Sugar-beet	,,	3,387,000
Milk	,,	3,000,000
Beef	,,	4,000,000
Herring-fishing	,,	725,000
		£34,612,000

This is the sum we are spending to-day as compared with about £16,000,000 ten years ago, and it all comes directly or indirectly out of the pockets of the taxpayers.

Subsidies are economically unsound but are sometimes justified by particular circumstances. This argument is put forward in defence of all the above-mentioned payments and it is contended that some of them are only temporary and others repayable. The trouble is, however, that experience has proved that once a subsidy has been started it is almost impossible to stop it, and that the possibility of repayment is a very doubtful quantity. And as events have only too clearly shown, the subsidy habit tends to spread. The Ottawa agreements cannot be revised until 1936, assistance to the shipping and herring industries is probably only just beginning, the housing subsidy will continue for ten years at any rate, and above all we are competing in shipping and agriculture with larger subsidies in other countries, which means that our subsidies to these industries are likely to be permanent. And although the owners are steadfastly opposed to it, the miners' leaders are again seeking a State subsidy for the coal industry.

A BULLET ON RAILS: The Union Pacific Company's new streamlined flyer, "City of Portland," which recently made a record-breaking transcontinental run from Chicago to Portland, Oregon. The train is 454 ft. in length and the coaches are constructed of aluminium alloy, a material chosen on account of its lightness



THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE "CITY OF PORTLAND": The 1,200 h.p., sixteen cylinder, V type Diesel engine on the Union Pacific's latest streamlined train

LINES OF SPEED: The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad Company's "Hiawatha," another of the many new streamlined trains now in service in the United States. The "Hiawatha," which is appropriately named as it traverses territory rich in American-Indian lore, has six cars of light steel construction and is propelled by an oil-burning engine. The train has made the 410-mile journey from Chicago to St. Paul, Minnesota, in 390 minutes including six stops. Its average speed is therefore about 63 m.p.h., or about 4 m.p.h. less than the average that the L.N.E.R. hopes to maintain on every run with its London to Newcastle Silver Jubilee express

The Trawler "Skegness" Wrecked on the Yorkshire Coast and Battered to Pieces by the Waves

DESTRUCTION ON LAND AND SEA

London Fire Brigades Combine to Fight the Rubber Warehouse Blaze Near Wapping High Street

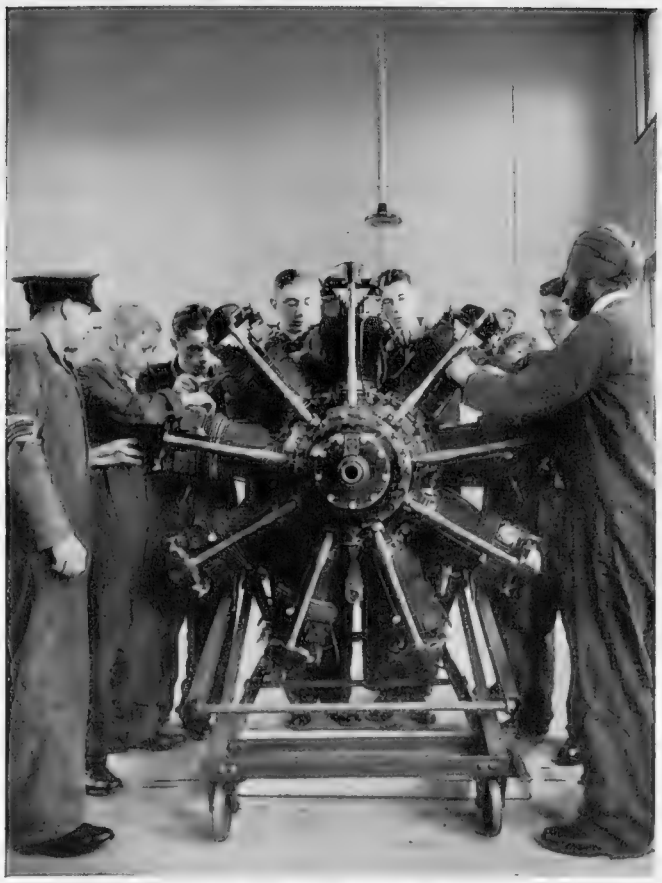
ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SEPTEMBER STORMS: The Hull trawler, *Skegness*, being battered to pieces by mountainous waves after grounding on the rocks below Speeton Cliffs, Bridlington. The eleven members of the crew all lost their lives in spite of the efforts of the rocket brigade, who attempted from the top of the 420-ft. cliffs to reach the ship with lifelines attached to rockets. The latter, however, were blown back by the full force of the north-easterly gale, while the would-be rescuers were further handicapped in their work because the wind was so strong that they could not stand upright. Lifeboats from Flamborough, Filey, and Scarborough also remained on the scene for several hours, but none of them was able to approach close enough to be of assistance

A NIGHT OF DRAMA ON THE THAMES: The river at Wapping illuminated at midnight by the flames issuing from the rubber warehouse of Colonial Wharves, Ltd., which was completely destroyed by fire last week although almost the entire resources of the London Fire Brigade were called into play

THE GREAT FIRE AT WAPPING: *Above*—Bringing hoses into action to fight the blaze at the Colonial Wharves with water drawn from the Thames. For hours the firemen were unable to make any impression on the conflagration, partly because their jets sometimes fell short of the mark on account of lack of pressure, and partly because the building was stocked with thousands of cases of rubber that provided fuel for the flames as they spread downwards from floor to floor. In the foreground is the French steamer, *Gatinais*, which was also set alight. *Right*—The firemen's hoses, coated with molten rubber which flowed from the burning building in streams, choking all the drains and sewers in High Street, Wapping, and covering the Thames with a film half an inch thick

CADETS *of the* AIR

Life at the R.A.F. College at Cranwell



FLIGHT CADETS IN TRAINING: *Above*—Delving into the mysteries of a Bristol engine. *Above on right*—Practising formation flying over the grounds. Cranwell, which is in Lincolnshire and is run on much the same lines as Sandhurst was inaugurated by Lord Trenchard in 1920, but until 1933 the cadets were housed in huts dating from the war period. The foundation stone of the present block of buildings was laid in 1929 by Lady Maud Hoare, wife of Sir Samuel Hoare who was then Secretary for Air, and the opening ceremony was conducted by the Prince of Wales in October, 1934. Mr. James Grey West, O.B.E., the senior architect of the Office of Works, was responsible for the design of the buildings which are of brick and Portland stone. The central block contains the mess, lecture rooms, and recreation rooms, being flanked on east and west by the living quarters where there is accommodation for 150 cadets

PUPIL AND TEACHER: A first-term cadet testing his communication apparatus before going up on a flight with an instructor. The machine has two sets of controls

SAFETY FIRST: The groundwork syllabus at the College includes a course of instruction on parachutes, and, among other things, the cadets are taught the complicated art of folding and packing these "lifebelts of the air"

Pictures by William Davis

AT PLAY AND AT WORK: *Above*—A party gathered round the gramophone in one of the cadet's rooms. *Right*—An instructor gives some last-minute advice to his pupils before they go up on training flights. The "Progress Board" in the background shows the number of hours of dual and solo flying each cadet has done, and it is from this and other records that a decision is arrived at regarding the award of the coveted Groves Memorial Prize which is given twice annually to the best all-round pilot of the term. The age of entry of cadets is between 17½ and 19½, and they spend two years at Cranwell. Flying training is naturally the most popular part of the whole course, but this is by no means all, and the extensive groundwork syllabus includes such subjects as aeronautical science and engineering, and aerodynamics. As physical fitness is regarded of paramount importance to an officer of the Royal Air Force, games are highly organised, the three squadrons into which the College is divided competing for cricket, football, and other trophies. The daily pay of the cadets is 6s. 6d.

Peat, a Neglected Fuel, and Bracken, the Farmer's Menace

Two Aspects of Agricultural Life in the North of England

HOME-MADE FUEL: These turfs are cut from the Yorkshire moors when work is slack on the farms, and before use they are built up in stacks to dry

THE use of peat as fuel has almost died out save on remote islands and out-of-the-world corners of Scotland, and of course in Ireland. In many places, such as the English Lake District where till after the great war peat was used on the hearths of many of the fell-dale farms and "peat graving" was one of the seasonal tasks of the fell-dale farmers, the grey-blue, thin aromatic smoke of peat fires is no more seen, its place being taken by the convenient oil stoves, and coal which is to-day conveyed to the remotest and seemingly inaccessible farms by indefatigable motor lorries. So the peat-houses on the upland moors are falling to ruin and peat-spades rust unused, and no more on the dry heather of May and June (the season for peat graving in the Lake District) are the long lines of peats set up cunningly to dry in sun and wind to catch the eye of interested wanderers in the wilds.

Peat graving was a skilled job for which special implements were used—the peat-spade with its narrow blade with a flange (known as the "cock"), the barrow with no sides and a broad, iron-tyred wheel, and a board. The peat-face where the graving was done was opened out by a wide trench, the "dyke," giving an open face some 7 ft. to 10 ft. deep; first of all the heather or turf-sod on the top, growing to a depth of some 2 ft. was peeled away and thrown into the water and ooze at the bottom of the peat-face, where it mopped up some of the oozing moisture; on the top of this went the board for the peat-graver to stand while cutting the peat from the peat-face, where he quickly and very accurately and skilfully cut out oblong blocks of peat rather bigger than a pound of butter, which were loaded on to the barrow and trundled off to the open moorland to dry, set up in little piles on end so that sun and wind could act as completely as possible. Turbary-right was one of the privileges of fell-dale farmers, for which a small lord's rent was paid to the lord of the manor. In times gone by very strict control was kept over peat-rights, and in one district a law was in force forbidding any householder to have more than one fire burning at once without a licence, whatever the requirements of sickness or hospitality might be, disregard of this law being punished by the heavy fine of 10s,, equal to several pounds of our currency value to-day.

Though peat cutting is done no more, the peat roads leading from the valleys to the upland moors and the peat mosses and houses are still there, a snare and a delusion to ramblers who do not know the district and its customs; you find a well-made track curving up the steep ascent of the valley breast in sharp zig-zags, taking you gaily over the rim to the waste of heathery moorland at the top, where with startling abruptness it ends irrevocably and completely in an impassable morass of bog which you cannot cross and must perforce seek a way—often a very long way—round.

Autumn is the time of bracken harvest in forest, moorland, and mountain districts where farmers use it for bedding stock to save precious straw for other purposes. In the Lake District the right of cutting bracken on the mountain slopes and moorlands is one of the age-old privileges held by the fell-dale farmers from the lords of the manors, a small lord's rent being paid annually for bracken-right, turbary-right, and turning out sheep, cattle, and horses to graze on "the wastes or commons" of the manors. During the autumn before it dies down, bracken is cut on the uplands, allowed to dry, then gathered into great heaps which are rolled down the slopes and then carted down to the farms in the valleys where it is stacked for use through the winter.

But though bracken has its uses for farmers it is also doing immense harm by its greedy encroachment on pasture land, and arable land which has gone out of cultivation; year by year it reaches forth and acre after acre are swallowed up by a sea of waving frond jungle: moreover, as well as growing where it did not grow before it seems to be increasing in height and vigour. In the writer's neighbourhood of the western Lake district, for instance, where bracken formerly grew no more than knee-high, for the last two or three years it is shoulder high, thick and strong. This summer it has sprung to vigorous life where it has not previously been known, as in the well-mown

(*Continued on p.* 38)

SUN-DRIED PEAT BRICKS: At work on a stack at St. Mary's, Ramsey, Hunts, one of the few parts of the country where this type of fuel is still used fairly extensively by housewives

PEAT-GRAVING: To-day this highly skilled work is carried out on only a few farms in the Lake District, for since the war peat has fallen out of favour and has been almost entirely superseded by coal

OCTOPUS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE: The ruins of a Roman fort on a shoulder of Hardknott Pass, Cumberland, swallowed up in a jungle of tall, thick bracken—a fern which, though it has its uses for farmers, is also doing immense harm in various parts of the North of England by its greedy encroachment on pasture land. When it has once gained hold the cost of removing it is far beyond the means of the average small farmer

FILM FARE PAR EXCELLENCE

"Anna Karenina" and "The Dark Angel"

THE SCREEN VERSION OF A TOLSTOY MASTERPIECE: Basil Rathbone and Greta Garbo as husband and wife in *Anna Karenina*, which started its run on Friday at the Empire, Leicester Square. The film has had a great reception in America, and over 126,000 people paid to see it during its first week in New York. Fredric March plays the leading male part

Above and on left—GARBO'S LATEST: Two studies of the star as she appears in the title role in *Anna Karenina*

Above and on right—THE NEW MERLE OBERON: Impressions of the brilliant young actress whose performance with Fredric March in the Samuel Goldwyn production, *The Dark Angel*, has earned her the praise of filmgoers on both sides of the Atlantic. While in Hollywood she has been submitted to a "grooming process," and her appearance has been altered to an astonishing extent

FIVE INDISPENSA

in

YOU MUST HAVE A CAPE: By day, and after dark, you must wear capes. They accompany simple woollen frocks. In fur they add a note of luxury to afternoon models. On suits they give added warmth and a debonair silhouette. Here is a suit in soft black homespun tweed, the jacket and the separate cape both finished with black seal coney. The skirt has a wrap pleat. With it is worn a vivid velvet scarf and Maria Guy's high-backed bonnet. From Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street, W.

NUTRIA IS NEWS: Fashion's daytime mood is a very practical one, and nutria or persian lamb are her favourite furs. Here is a distinguished olive green coat in ribbed duvetyn, with a leaf brown suède belt and a collar of nutria which can be arranged in several ways. Decorative seaming gives a yoked effect at the back and the shaped sleeves are important. The hat too shows a line which is new and very youthful. Both come from Waring and Gillow of Oxford Street, W.

□

Beyond any doubt, you should choose black for your winter coat if you can wear it. It outnumbers every colour, although some of the new shades are so lovely that it is difficult to resist them. Olive-green, for instance, or rust, chestnut-brown, or midnight-blue.

Whatever you choose, you can indulge your colour-sense to the utmost, for two, three, or even four contrasting shades are combined with excellent effect.

Black, perhaps, with a violet-blue dress that has a wine belt. Brick, with a green frock and a purple sash. Blue, with a ruby dress, cap, and scarf. And in the evening, suède gloves in colours that act as a challenge.

CORSELET BELTS RECALL THE WHALEBONE ERA

Of all accessories belts, this season, are the most important. It is the focal point of almost every dress, no matter how simple or sophisticated it may be. And of them all those with enormous buckles, giving a corselet effect, are the most popular. The one in this picture is of red leather and it is worn on a fine woollen frock in brown, navy, or black. Stitched rouleaux ornament the front of the dress, and the little duvetyn cap matches either the frock or the red belt. From Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, W.

ABLE ITEMS

in your Winter Wardrobe

Collecting the main items of one's wardrobe is a tremendous responsibility, for few people can afford to make mistakes. But it is, after all, in the choice of accessories that one's personality is most clearly expressed. Always they must play the part either of exclamation marks or of full stops. If your clothes are restrained then they must draw attention to themselves. If your coat swaggers and flaunts large checks, then they must bring it down to earth, neatly finishing it off.

As we have said, belts this year are more important than anything else. Get as many as you can. Make them in velvet, glowing and bright. Tie them with cords. Twist the ends across the front. Wear them with skirts, choosing a firm leather, and see that they are narrow across the back, widening from the sides.

Match them up with velvet scarves. And, if you wear jewellery by day, see that it is barbaric. Gold, set with semi-precious stones, or double necklaces, worn close beneath high collars, of lapis lazuli or cornelians.

Bags are mostly plain—in calf and suède. Gloves too, unless you like elbow length ones in fur to link up with the collar of your coat.

Hair ornaments and evening hats are being shown everywhere. They are part of the picture created by romantic dresses and capes, and they may be just a coronet of small flowers or a bandeau worn high on the head with sweeping horsehair aigrettes and flashing jewels.

SCULPTURED IN WHITE: White dresses are enjoying an evening vogue, perhaps because no colour can ever be such a perfect medium for beautiful draping. In this exquisite Maggy Rouff model the folds of the skirt form a graceful swag at the back, the same treatment appearing again in the corsage. At the front the skirt is lifted slightly to reveal the instep. If you want to see draped dresses in all their infinite variety you should go to Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.1, where, among others, they have Patou's brilliantly successful model showing his Egyptian line, and Lelong's marvellously graceful georgette dress with its deceptively simple looped back

CAVALIER IN VELVET: Now is the moment to indulge your sense of the romantic. Wrap yourself in velvet, glowing with rich colour, hold high your head, and sweep into a room. For once your hands will take care of themselves. You will be warm. You will be pleased. You will feel invulnerable. Some idea of the fullness of the cape on the left may be gained from the way in which one side is flung over the opposite shoulder in gracious folds. It is made in burgundy velvet, or in any other colour you may choose, and it has a gauged yoke and a gathered panel at the back. It fastens at the neck with a clip, and looks quite lovely when it is left hanging loose to show the dress over which it is worn. You will find it at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

Peter Clark

The World of Books

Pamela Bourne Recounts Her Adventures Before the Mast: Cutcliffe Hyne Writes a Self-Revelatory Story of Real Merit

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

IN the present publishing season there may be more important books than the first volume of Mr. Duff Cooper's **HAIG** (Faber. 25s.), but so far I have not discovered them. It begins, as all good biographies should, at the beginning, and Mr. Duff Cooper is fortunate in the fact that his subject, right from his Oxford days, kept diaries, and that all through his career he wrote letters, and at the summit of it also kept meticulous records.

Haig the man is an inseparable preamble; Oxford, the Sudan, India, South Africa; steps in a career that was to culminate in the control of his country's destinies in the field. The reader will do well to understand the character of the man through these chapters before turning to those dramatic events which began with the "great" war. They will then be able to observe a simple, single-minded man and a great soldier attempting to carry on with a pack of politicians snarling for ever at his heels.

This volume ends with the Battle of the Somme. Its opinions are as clear and decisive as the character of its subject. The politicians have had their say; Haig still has a lot more to answer. I hope Mr. Duff Cooper will not keep us waiting too long.

And if, as we have observed, we like simplicity and directness, then we must pronounce Miss Pamela Bourne's **OUT OF THE WORLD** (Bles. 10s. 6d.) to be the best autobiographical adventure we have read for a long time. This young woman sailed the South Seas with a weather eye open both to shams and to sophisticated disillusion. She also shipped before the mast on the famous clipper *Herzogin Cecilie*, four months from Wallaroo to Falmouth, by way of the Horn. Her story is so far removed from the expected; her encounters and impressions so fresh and direct, that I found myself quite unable to put the book down. I lost some sleep but was well rewarded.

Another biography which is more than half autobiography is **SEFTON BRANCKER** (Heinemann. 21s.), edited by Captain Norman Macmillan. Sefton Brancker was a gallant airman, a man who worked hard, played hard, and lived hard; none too popular with the brass-hats, but much beloved in the Service which he served in its infancy and whose fine traditions he helped to build. In the history of aerial development, civil as well as Service, this book will be invaluable.

MY JOYFUL LIFE (Hutchinson. 18s.) is an entertaining book; for one thing because it is unpretentious, and for another because the creator of Captain Kettle led almost as adventurous a life as his pugnacious and bearded little hero. Mexico, the North Sea, the Belgian Congo, Cambridge, and the Atlas Mountains were all on his visiting list; and he seems to have been equally unperturbed at the prospect of scaling the roofs of Clare College, and having his chin sewn up with tarred thread by a remarkably handy sailor!

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne seems to have attacked the problem of writing with the same zest that he brought to living: he had few illusions about either.

"Some day," he writes, "I am going to make out a list of publications I have helped to kill. There was a high demand for my goods, and on busy days I have turned out as many as three short stories of 3,000 words apiece." Here is real candour, and it is as welcome as that mythical drink of clear spring water. Although the magazine in which the author's first Captain Kettle stories appeared was "bumping up its circulation by some 5,000 copies a week just then, it was very firmly pointed out to me that this was in spite of, not because of, my serial."

There are too many self-revelatory books about these days for my taste, but here is that inevitable exception, and here is honesty in the place of precocity.

In **RACHEL THE IMMORTAL** (Hutchinson. 18s.), Mr. Bernard Falk has written a richer, and I believe a more accurate biography of that famous actress than we have yet read. Even given such material as the spectacular success and fame of this young Jewish girl, it would have been possible to write a prosy story, or one overloaded with anecdotes and unimportant intimacies Mr. Falk has avoided these tiresome pitfalls and written a really absorbing story, which I infinitely prefer to his book on Ada Menken.

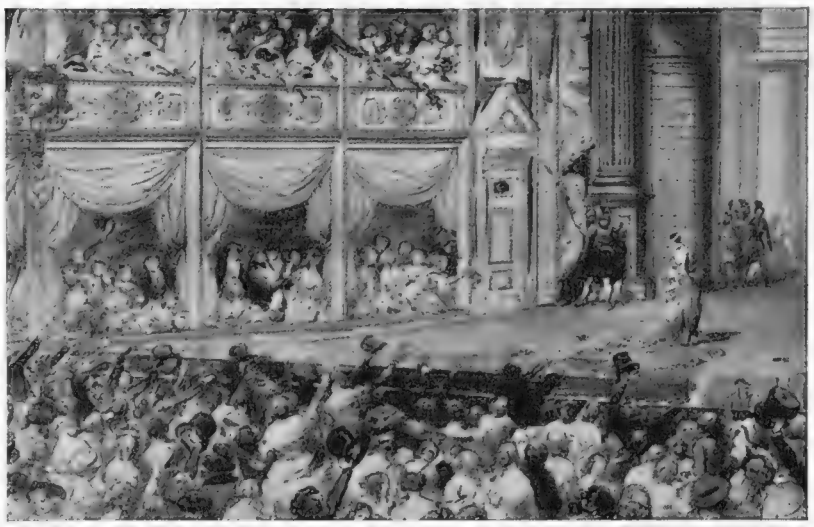
Rachel's parents were German-Jewish pedlars, and she was born in miserable circumstances in Basle in 1821. At the age of seventeen, unbelievably young by our contemporary standards, she was the greatest attraction on the Paris stage, and at thirty-eight she died. In that short span Rachel had had more fame, more admiration, more love even, than most people achieve in a long lifetime. Princes, writers, poets, had been her friends and her lovers, and she had been the guest of queens and the inspiration of the little Sarah Bernhardt. Glamour is the most sadly overworked word, but there must have been a great deal of that elusive quality in the thin little face and body of the great Rachel.

The story of the Emperor Hadrian and the beautiful boy Antinous has often been told, and the tale of their love has made poetry and inspired the great sculptors. In **MAGNIFICENT HADRIAN** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) the story is re-told with some art, and a good deal of prejudice, by Sulamith Ish-Kishor.

The author's object has been to construct, out of the many dim pictures we have of Hadrian, one coherent and vital whole, and that is a task so ambitious that one cannot but admire her ingenuity, and the measure of success which she has achieved.

For Sulamith Ish-Kishor the Emperor was a being of great wisdom, and in defiance of legend, great tolerance. Whether one agrees with the choice of colours or not, here is a scholarly creation, and a lucid reconstruction of that strange and fascinating period.

INCARNATION OF THE TRAGIC MUSE: Rachel (holding a laurel wreath) painted in the centre of a group representing the leading actresses of the Comédie Française. An illustration from Bernard Falk's biography of the great French tragedienne which has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson and is reviewed on this page



THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON: Eugène Lami's drawing representing the triumph of Rachel when she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in 1841. Bernard Falk recalls in his life of the great actress how Prince Napoleon said of her: "Where might one meet her like again, this woman who at eleven o'clock at night could be the most tragic Phedré human eye ever wanted to look upon, and at twelve o'clock be as giddy as a goat? Even when you knew that she was deceiving you, you had to pay tribute to her fascination"

Of the same *genre* is the historical novel by Günther Birkenfeld, entitled **AUGUSTUS** (Constable. 7s. 6d.). Scholarship is certainly here, and if the author is inclined to grant the benefit of the doubt to his own bias, he is doing no more than more ponderous historians have done.

I cannot sufficiently praise this book for the richness of its atmosphere, for the descriptive excellence of an exciting period of Roman history, for its re-creation of famous historical characters, and, above all, for rendering out of the stuff of history a living being in Augustus Caesar. The poignancy of the aged Emperor's end is drama as fine as any I have read in this type of fiction. And none of these qualities would, surely, be apparent without the sensitive prose Miss Winifred Ray has achieved in the translation.

THE VORTEX, by José Eustasio Rivera (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) has had a very large circulation in the original Spanish, has been called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of South America, and one can only hope that, by its dreadful revelations of the slavery of the workers on the rubber plantations of the Amazon jungle, world opinion will be stirred to action on their behalf. The story is a dramatic one, beginning with a romance of runaway lovers, of specious promises and then dread awakening to the fact that they are virtually slaves, doomed to a living death in a green hell, persecuted by brutal overseers, attacked by disease, surrounded by human wreckage. Their escape and the tragic climax are heartrending.

Readability still seems, in my eyes, to be a great virtue in fiction, and much too rare. Another gift that is not so general among novelists as it might be, is the ability to tell a good story. Mr. Compton Mackenzie might be a model for either, and in his way Mr. Howard Spring has shown that these two qualities are of essential importance.

RACHEL ROSING (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is in some sort a sequel to the author's first novel, *Shabby Tiger*, and has the most disarming of forewords.

"I am often annoyed," writes Mr. Spring, "when reading a book which is the sequel of another book, to find that I am expected either to have read that other book, or to be supernaturally quick-witted in picking up hints . . . . it makes me wish that the author would tell me frankly what it is all about. I shall do that service for readers of the present book." And he does, with the economy of a true *précis* writer.

The story of *Rachel Rosing* is, in a way, a success story, as they say in America, but it is also the story of a contemptible woman, with an absence of moral sense that would make a fascinating study for a psychologist. The lady, I was relieved to find, came to no good, and the dramatic atmosphere of the last chapter shows that this author has completely mastered the technique of suspense and even horror.

"The ingrained love of personal liberty inherent in the British people . . . made Great Britain one of the slowest countries in the world to institute police" writes Sir Basil Thomson in the opening chapter of **THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD** (Grayson. 15s.).

Whether it was this love of liberty or whether it was the equally ingrained, but scarcely as admirable attitude of *laisser faire*, it is true that it was not until 1829, and then in the teeth of strenuous opposition that Sir Robert Peel managed to introduce his Metropolitan Police Bill. The founding of the Criminal Investigation Department did not come until 1842.

Sir Basil Thomson, who was for eight years the head of the C.I.D., has written a very readable account of the progress of that early police force to the pitch of efficiency which it has reached today. His summaries of famous trials, and the part which Scotland Yard detectives played in them is as exciting reading as any fiction.

Under the title of **PENNY FOOLISH** (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Osbert Sitwell has collected his newspaper writings over a number of years. There, all in a row, is the whole range of the Sitwellian Aunt Sallies, Old Ladies, Games, Eton, the Horse, the Dog, Sir John Squire, English Gardens, English Food, English ever-so-many-things. How he bowls them over.

Mr. Sitwell so obviously enjoys his literary galumphings that it would be a pity to spoil his pleasure by advising him to apply himself to a study of that master of invective, Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis. It is just as well, for he might happen upon the "Apes of God."

On page 38 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., recently received by THE SPHERE.

A LAST LOOK ROUND

BRITISH LOSSES ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: The base camp and headquarters of Brigadier Auchinleck in the neighbourhood of the Nahakki Pass, near which on Sunday last the leading company of the 5th Battalion 12th Frontier Force Regiment (The Guides) was ambushed by tribesmen, who, according to their custom at this season of the year, have been causing trouble in the Mohmand area. During the resulting engagement there were heavy casualties on both sides, and two British officers were killed and four wounded, while eighty other ranks were either killed or wounded. On Tuesday of this week it was estimated that over 1,400 tribesmen were still under arms

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN PARIS: His Royal Highness, who has been holidaymaking in Austria, Hungary, and Germany, seen in the French capital where he arrived towards the end of last week. On Sunday he visited the Château of Versailles and was shown over the State apartments

WEDDING BELLS: Miss Pamela Gladys Kingsmill, daughter of Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and Mr. Frank Charles Furlong who won the Grand National this year on his father's horse, Reynoldstown, leaving St. Marylebone Church, York Gate, after their marriage

NURSE ETHEL SMITH, who has come to England from Belgrade and will enter the Duchess of Kent's service in a few days' time, seen at St. Christopher's Nursery Training College at Tunbridge Wells where she is taking a "refresher" course

PERSONALITIES AT THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT BRIGHTON: *Left*—Mr. A. F. O. Roberts; Mr. Tom Smith, M.P. for Normanton; and Mr. Tom Williams, M.P. for the Don Valley, seen as they arrived for the first meeting. *Right*—Mr. Neil McLean, the Member for Govan, in conversation with Mr. George Lansbury, whose leadership of the party is threatened by the trade unionists on account of his opposition to the employment of Sanctions by the League in the present Italo-Abyssinian dispute. Although the question of the Leadership has outwardly been the subject of most concern at the Conference, it is also known that the financial position of the party has been under discussion and is causing the gravest anxiety. The party largely depends on the income from affiliation fees, which amounted to only £38,075 last year, a sum barely adequate to run such a big national organisation, if efficiency is to be maintained

CARVING OUT A CAREER: Mr. Roy Saunders, a boat builder who could not find work in his own business, has solved his unemployment problem by inventing a new job. He now goes from office to office and indexes telephone directories alphabetically. His principal tool is a gouge for cutting the pages and he takes half-an-hour to deal with parts I and II of the London Directory

THE POET AND THE FLOWER GIRL: Heddle Nash as Rudolph, and "Lisa Perli" as Mimi, singing one of their duets in Puccini's *La Bohème*, which was presented at Covent Garden last Saturday. The name "Lisa Perli," which is unknown to opera-goers, conceals the identity of Dora Labette, who has been prominent on the concert platform for years and is now making her first appearance on the operatic stage. Her performance has been highly praised and her voice is admirably suited to the part

The Autumn Opera Season at Covent Garden

And Other Matters of Theatrical Interest

By PHILIP PAGE

Last week being, for the most part, operatic rather than theatrical, let us turn to that rare happening, an autumn opera season at Covent Garden, not exclusively in English.

Sir Thomas Beecham has, let me say at once, justified his bold step by the excellence of the performances of his London and Provincial Opera Society (which is linked up in some way with the Imperial League of Opera, an organisation almost as mysterious as the Holy Roman Empire), and by his originality of choice in what was a necessarily small repertoire. But I have not hitherto seen quite the same measure of support which was forthcoming in the now memorable summer season. The gossip-columnists, however, tell us that the autumn social activities have officially started; indeed, "socialites" turned up in force to greet the Woizikovsky ballet.

At Covent Garden so far the audiences have been adequate but not superlatively large. This may be because the ancient and snobbish prejudice against British singers, who are here in the majority, dies hard, or because, for some inscrutable reason, people regard Wagner in converse fashion to an oyster, that is to say that it should not be consumed when there is an "r" in the month, that *Siegfried*, etc., slip down the gullets of the musical succulently and harmlessly in June and July but are distasteful and even dangerous in September and October.

I can only say I enjoyed my autumnal taste of *Siegfried* just as fully as I ever did at Covent Garden in June or at Bayreuth in August, and that I am at this moment still alive whatever may have happened before these lines appear in print. Mr. Walter Widdop in the title-rôle was better than many a foreign Siegfried—a fine performance—and Miss Eva Turner is among the great Brunhildes. It was a pity that in spite of "cuts" we did not begin to hear her until about 11 p.m. Why not the old plan of starting at five o'clock with a dinner interval?

Sir Thomas rightly loves Delius—so do I—and the Delian Confederacy, and others, should be grateful to him for producing the forty-year-old *Koanga*. Whether this work will retain its place in the repertory is another matter, though as long as Sir Thomas has a say in the matter it probably will. I would venture to describe it as a poorish opera in which there is some supremely beautiful and exquisitely tender music. Although Delius lived in Florida, orange-planting, for some time, this Uncle Tom's Cabin-ish story does not ring true. Puccini would have given it dramatic vigour, for Puccini had that sense of the stage which Delius had not. As the noble negro sold into slavery Paul Robeson would have been superb; unfortunately the music would not have suited his voice. Mr. John Brownlee, "blacked up," sang it extremely well.

There was plenty of slave-driving—and, in the case of Mme Olgar Slobodskaya, as the half-caste heroine, some Slav-driving—as well as some good singing from the remainder of the large company, in particular Mr. Frank Sale. But it was only during the perfectly played orchestral interludes that one felt thoroughly happy with *Koanga*.

The Barber of Seville, sung in Italian, was great fun—a sparkling performance in exactly the right style. The Rosina was Mlle Stella Andreva, not long ago Stella Brown of the pantomimes.

What's in a name? In the world of opera, possibly a great deal. As Andreva she sang brilliantly, and if she would have sung no less brilliantly as Brown, the choice is her own affair. Mr. Heddle Nash—not as yet Signor Edelio Nazzini—was the Almaviva, a part he has already sung immaculately, and in Italian, in the "grand" season. The chill autumnal gales seemed to have affected his throat and he was a trifle husky; but his voice is of the pure Italian quality, and he showed himself a lively actor. Signor Bettoni's Basilio exceeded even that of Chaliapine in comic power and bass profundity—an enormous lanky droll with humour in every gesture. Signor Ponzio and Signor Baracchi were both good in the conventional *buffo* Italian style.

Why Weber's *Der Freischutz* was dragged from the shelf after twenty-eight years I cannot imagine. There are flashes of music in it which seem to pave the way for Wagner and a good aria or two. But on the whole this specimen of early German romanticism is insufferably tedious when it is not unintentionally comic. Fortunately most of the spoken dialogue had been cut away; even so the work at times started to qualify as a serious rival to *Young England*, though only once was the wrong sort of laughter heard.

Mr. Walter Widdop, Miss Eva Turner, Mr. Percy Heming, Mr. Frank Sale, Mr. Arthur Fear, and others performed conscientiously and well the difficult task of saying and singing a lot of utterly preposterous things, and Sir Thomas Beecham saw that everything, and everybody, was good—except, of course, the composer, who died in 1826.

"Rivals."—Why not Sheridan to music? Mr. J. R. Monsell, with the assistance of Mr. Herbert Hughes, has echoed the question, has decided that no obstacle exists, and has proceeded to action accordingly. The result, quite delightful, was produced at the ever-venturesome Embassy Theatre as *Rivals*, the musical version of *The Rivals*.

I doubt whether Mr. Sheridan considered either himself or his plays as "sacred," and so certain remarks about blasphemy may be put aside as negligible. Besides, remarkably few liberties have been taken with the text at all, and none whatever with the plot. In its new form the old comedy is as gay as ever, and at times gayer, with an appreciably Irish tinge—Mr. Hughes can be relied upon for that—to its melodies.

The purists would indeed have had a case had the modern American musical idiom been introduced. We are spared anything of the sort—Messrs. Monsell and Hughes are men of taste and understanding—and there is no hint of the "blues"; not a saxophone is heard nor a funereal note, nor has Sir Anthony Absolute been turned into a "crooner." Musically this is a *pastiche*, for no other course was open without verging on the incongruous and beastly, and it is a good one.

Mr. Bruce Carfax, being a tenor, makes love to Lydia, in the prettily romantic person of Miss Winifred Campbell. Mr. Frederick Ranalow is by this time so thoroughly imbued with the spirit and costume of the eighteenth century that I doubt whether he could make a mistake if he tried, and it goes without saying that so good a singer and actor was an ideal Sir Lucius D'Trigger. Miss Elsie French is in the same category; and no praise could be too high for Mr. Norman Williams's Sir Anthony and Mr. Harry Hilliard's Fag. In short, a merry entertainment and still quite a classic in its way. Ensconced in a snug little theatre in the West End, *Rivals* should run for many months.

"Closing at Sunrise."—Coffee-stalls have done duty in the humours of revue for many years. Not until *Closing at Sunrise* at the Royalty had I seen one figure in a play. Yet I do not think Mr. Richard Carruthers, the author, has written a good play about a coffee-stall, though there are many indications here that he might one day write a good play about something. He does not lack ideas nor the ingenuity to put them in dramatic form. What he has failed to do here is to give connected interest to a somewhat melodramatic story about a villainous forger, an actress, a depressed and depressing gaol-bird, a dramatist, and various other characters who refreshed themselves at that stall and listened to the refreshing philosophy of its keeper, Mr. Mark Daly. It was, in fact, Mr. Daly, whom we used to see in musical comedy at Daly's, who kept the ball a-rolling. He displayed Cockney humour without exaggerating it, revelled in a comic part without clowning it, and was always entertaining.

Yet another Houston sister—Miss Shirley Houston, who has the family aptitude—made the most of her opportunities, which did not occur until the play was nearly over, with high spirits. Mr. Anthony Ireland was duly villainous; Mr. Norman Shelley was an amusing "drunk," and Miss Joan Marion was delightfully untheatrical as an unsuccessful actress.

Closing at Sunrise I found an odd little piece, without tedium in spite of certain disappointments.

EVA TURNER as Amelia in Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," which is being sung three times during the fortnight's season held at Covent Garden under the auspices of The London and Provincial Opera Society and The Imperial League of Opera

A NEW PLAY BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETTICOAT INFLUENCE" AND "THE NELSON TOUCH": After being released from Dartmoor Uncle Jim, the forger (Maurice Harvey, *left*) turns up at the home of his brother, a distinguished K.C., and meets his niece, Lynda (Leonora Corbett), and his nephew Gilbert (Arthur Macrae). A scene from Neil Grant's *Dusty Ermine*, which was well received when presented last week at the Arts Theatre Club

From Harrods Furniture Galleries

Settee in the Knole convention, covered in beige damask and velvet.
£35.10

Six-fold Leather Screen, hand-tooled and painted in exclusive tones of grey, green, cream and silver.
£68.10

Pine decorated Mirror. Handsomely carved frame and painted glass.
£7.7

Gate-leg Tea Table in pickled Oak.
£4.10

Hand-made Artificial Flowers in attractive colours. Various prices.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

A NEW ROAD-SURFACE EXPERIMENT: A section of the road in Upper Street, Islington, being laid with iron blocks, one of many recent efforts to compete with the ubiquitous wood block

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

ANOTHER batch of 1936 programmes has been published. Amongst these is the list of Vauxhall models which will no doubt make Vauxhall popularity even greater in 1936 than it has been in 1935, and that is saying something. Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., state that the 1935 season has been the most successful in the history of the firm and that before the new season actually starts they estimate that there will be 50,000 Vauxhall products sold this year. I can quite believe that this estimate is true because the number of Vauxhall cars seen on the roads to-day is really astounding. The most interesting item in the Vauxhall programme is a new Vauxhall Big Six. This model, of course, has been in production during 1935 and has given immense pleasure and satisfaction to its many owners. It is referred to as "new" because in its latest form it has a distinctive frontal appearance, handsome radiator grille, modern bonnet louvres and wings. Very special attention has also been given to really comfortable seating, and the makers claim that the result is the best driver's seat ever yet devised.

The well-known Vauxhall Light Six is being continued in its present form for another season. I have just referred to the new seats on the Big Six. The outstanding comfort afforded is in the main due to the adoption of horizontal instead of vertical springs, as the main "shock-absorber" to the driver's body. No matter how heavy the driver may be it is impossible to "bottom" on a seat of this design. Another advantage is the outstanding compactness, for it gives one inch extra head room and two inches more leg room. Other points of interest in this car are a new foot-operated headlamp dipping system, improved carburation, better clutch mechanism, and a still quieter synchromesh gear-box. A new coupé, with coachwork by Vauxhall, has recently been produced on the Light Six.

If we get any more pleasant surprises from the Ford Motor Company we shall become accustomed to their history-making announcements. The latest addition to the Ford family is another V8 model with a smaller engine. This new car is rated at 22 h.p., and is, therefore, subject to an annual tax of only £16 10s. This new V8 has been specially designed for economical motoring by British owners. It has the same spacious bodywork, which holds six adults; it gives the same pleasant riding, and is built to the same sturdy, reliable design that has characterised the larger V8 which has now been on the market for some years. I have not yet tried the new car, but I hear on reliable information that it is very difficult to tell the difference between the newcomer and the older car. As regards price it sells at a remarkably low figure.

As in previous years the Ford Motor Company will stage a Ford Exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall, London, from October 17 to 26, thus running concurrently with the Olympia Motor Exhibition. In the Ford Show visitors will be able to obtain glimpses of some of the marvels at the Ford works at Dagenham, for there will be examples of many of the wonder machines and instruments which are to be seen at the factory. An original scenic decorative scheme covering one side of the interior will bring to the exhibition something of the atmosphere of a huge modern manufacturing centre. The exhibition will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily and the price of admission will be 1s. 3d.

At a recent dinner given in honour of Sir Malcolm Campbell by the proprietors of *The Daily Mail* Sir Malcolm stated officially that he would now retire, but would immediately come back to make another

(Continued on p. 36)

A NEW RILEY: Mr. Victor Riley (*extreme left*) demonstrating the new Riley 9-h.p. Merlin 4-light saloon. The "pre-selectagear" is a standard feature of this new model and the special steel body is mounted on a super rigid chassis which makes for excellent road-holding and smooth running

A New 40/50 h.p. 12-Cylinder

ROLLS-ROYCE

'PHANTOM III'

Rolls-Royce Limited have pleasure in announcing that they are able to accept orders for a new 40/50 h.p. 12-Cylinder Rolls-Royce car. Many outstanding features distinguish this car from its famous predecessor the Phantom II.

(1) 12 CYLINDERS giving greater engine smoothness, flexibility, silence and acceleration.

(2) GREATER COMFORT arising from *independent front wheel suspension.*

This is particularly noticeable in the back seats under all road conditions, and is further enhanced by remarkable road holding qualities and stability on corners even at high speeds.

The new chassis frame provides for wider and more comfortable back seats, whilst a modification in the position of the change-speed and brake levers gives easy entrance to the driver's seat from the offside.

(3) IMPROVED CONTROLLABILITY—The steering is lighter in operation, has a larger steering lock and the car is more easily manoeuvred by reason of the shorter wheelbase.

Although the body length is the same as the Phantom II, the length of the car is reduced.

This new car retains all the characteristic features which have gained for the Rolls-Royce car the accepted title "The Best Car in the World."

Chassis (including Lamps, etc.)		£1,850
Saloon Limousine	from	£2,535
Pullman „	„	£2,575

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

A Jugoslav poet called Peter
Wrote odes without sense, rhyme or metre,
Till he turned from Slavonic
Despair to Schweppes Tonic
And verses like this one but neater.

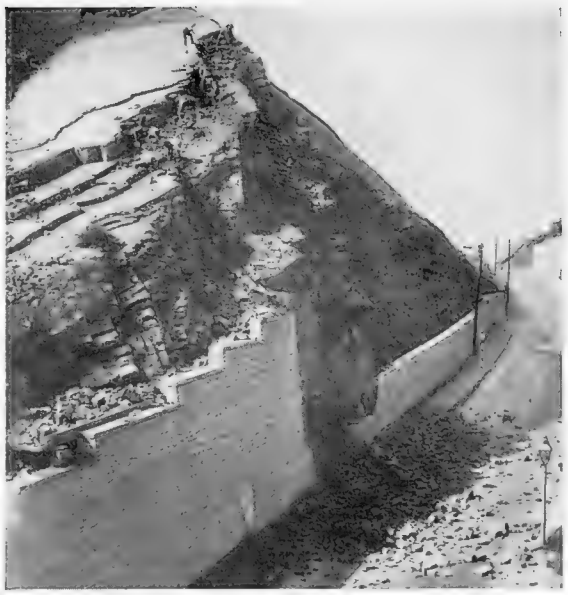
Schweppes
TONIC WATER
- does you Good

THE PETROL WORLD

(*Continued from p.* 34)

attempt on the world's record if a foreign nation were to take the record from this country. I think all his friends are greatly relieved and highly pleased to think that he is at last going to take a rest. No one can possibly accuse him of not having earned a little repose, but, as he said himself, to retire after such a period of activity is not easy. Although he apparently is blessed with an unusual amount of youthfulness he is now fifty years of age and the prestige of this country, in this particular field, should be taken up by one or more of the younger school. Sir Malcolm very sportingly offered to give unstinted assistance to any other British driver who wished to go out and beat the present record. From what I know of the record holder I realise quite well that this promise is not a mere string of words, but a very definite pledge to give practical assistance.

Many people consider that the motor car of 1935 could scarcely be improved upon, but if we stop to think for even a few moments we are forced to the conclusion that the acme of perfection is still a long way off. From experience I would say that the chassis manufacturer has progressed further than the body builder. The latter, in many instances, carries on as he has for the last fifty years and can do, on occasions, the most astounding things. It is fairly safe to say that no body builder has yet produced a door which can be guaranteed not to rattle or squeak within 1,000 miles. Window lifts invariably rattle after an average six months' use. Within the last four years I have had four different motor cars and the windscreen on every one of them has leaked in heavy rain until the fault was remedied later on. I wonder if wood and steel are the best materials with which to construct a body. At present it seems to me that it is only the extra liberal quantity of these commodities that allows the body to have sufficient strength to prevent its rattling and disintegrating. The coachbuilt body of to-day is unnecessarily heavy, and it therefore looks to me as if some technical research is needed to allow the coachbuilders to make a durable body and at the same time cut the weight in half.



DANGER IN THE CAUSE OF SAFETY: Workmen perched aloft like mountaineers, hacking away 1,000 tons of rock which imperil the Roe Cross cutting on the main road between Stalybridge and Mottram. Several landslides have occurred at this spot

THE GRACE OF MODERN STREAMLINE: The Vauxhall Light Six coupé, which, by virtue of its modern appearance and excellent performance on the road, can be classed among the most popular of medium-priced cars

True, cellulose painting has been a great advance on the old method, but it is not nearly perfect. It can still be scratched, and unless it is frequently polished it becomes coated with a kind of milky film which then requires much manual work to remove. The body of to-morrow will only require to be hosed down and leathered off. It will not scratch, and it will retain its lustre to the end of its days.

Manufacturing and assembly plants are now as popular with sightseers as ancient monuments and museums. Factories possess one great advantage over the latter from an interest point of view; they have life and movement which attract and hold the attention, and the visitor is fascinated by seeing things grow before his eyes. Arrangements for public visits to the Morris car works were re-organised early this year. Since then over 35,000 people have visited the assembly plant at Oxford, which it is claimed is the largest of its type in Europe.

The visitors, in large parties, travelled from points as far distant from Oxford as Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Plymouth, Ramsgate, and Cardiff, many of them journeying overnight so as to obtain the full advantage of the working hours. To cope with these visitors, work is provided for twenty specially trained guides who are versed in the assembly processes and can add interest to the tours by their explanations and information. The Morris Company offer an open invitation to all motorists interested in car manufacture to visit the works, and arrangements can be made with the local distributor or dealer or direct with the factory. Although at this time of the year motor car production in most factories is falling off, the Morris Company is now working at full pressure to cope with the demand for the new Series II types, so that visitors will continue to see the complete process in the assembly of Morris cars.

Probably the most appreciated of the many services which the Royal Automobile Club renders to its members is the free "Get-You-Home" service. Any motorist who has been stranded, possibly at night, miles from anywhere, with a machine which he is unable to repair, will realise how welcome is the arrival of an R.A.C. breakdown—the first step toward the safe conduct of himself and his passengers either to their homes or destination or to the nearest railway station.

CAPT. EYSTON SAYS—

"I'm glad I chose 'BP' Ethyl — exactly as you sell it from the pump

"It is one thing to make an engine go very fast for a few minutes, and quite a different thing to maintain a high speed for 24 consecutive hours. The special racing dopes which may do admirably for the short burst are apt to be unsuitable for a long run. Knowing this, yet wanting a really 'high performance' fuel I chose 'BP' Ethyl. The fact that the fuel I used was identical with that sold everywhere from 'BP' Ethyl pumps speaks volumes for its remarkable quality."

George Eyston

BP ETHYL

see India

Marwaris making shades and baskets

The Taj Mahal, Agra

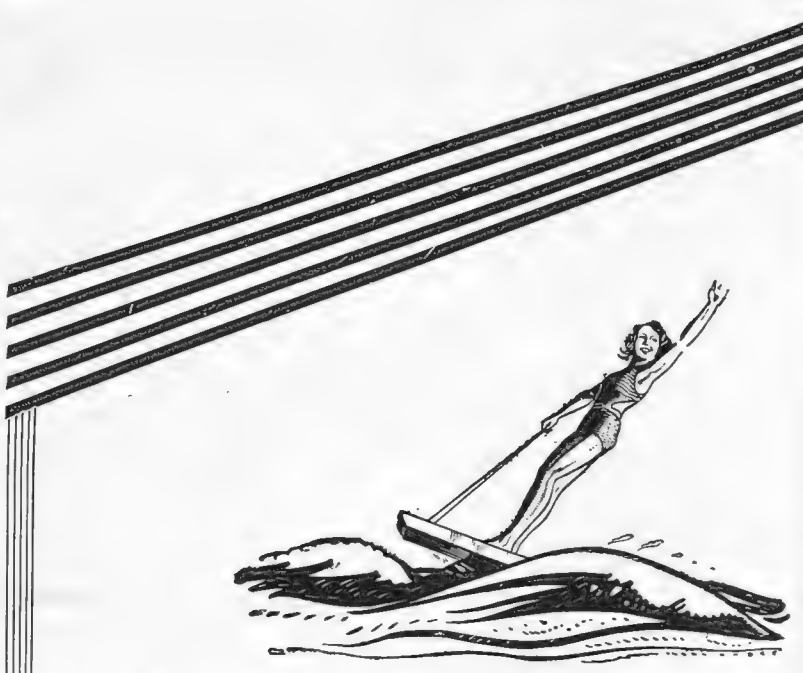
The Frontier Mail

NOWHERE in the world is contrast so vivid and colourful as in India. Set like unexpected jewels in majestic scenery are age-old shrines and glittering temples. Crafts and customs lost in the past rub shoulders with twentieth-century progress.

And of this the Indian Railways are a proud example, linking the whole of India; providing a means of travel that for speed and comfort compares with the finest railway systems in the world.

The Indian Railways Bureau will be glad to plan your complete itinerary and advise you on all arrangements to be made. Please write for full information or call at:

Indian
RAILWAYS BUREAU
57, HAYMARKET S.W.I. WHITEHALL 1171



ANOTHER JUBILEE

Plan your holiday to South Africa which, by happy coincidence, celebrates its own twenty-fifth anniversary of Union this year.

You will experience a fair-weather voyage and a perfection of climate which favours every form of outdoor life during each month of the year.

There you will enjoy golf, fishing, surfing, mountain-climbing, motoring, racing; the Cape Province with its wild flowers, its seas, its mountains and forests: Natal with its vivid sub-tropical beauty: the High Veld of the Free State and Transvaal with farms and Gold and Diamond Mines: the Native peoples living their care-free tribal lives in the green beauty of their mountainous territories: the Kruger National Park with its teeming life of African big game: and, farther North, the Victoria Falls and the mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins.

In South Africa your £ Sterling is worth 20/-

"South Africa Calling" describes all these attractions. Ask for a copy to be sent to you. Apply Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

Robert Hooke and His Times

An Eminent Scientist and His Account of London Life in the 17th Century

ROBERT HOOKE was born on July 18, 1635, and now, 300 years later, the largest known section of his Diary has been published. The manuscript, which has been in the library of the Guildhall for over forty years, has been transcribed by Mr. H. W. Robinson, Librarian of the Royal Society, and Mr. Walter Adams, B.A. (published by Taylor and Francis. 25s. net). The MS. is a closely-written document, the handwriting very small and often difficult to decipher.

The Diary is no literary masterpiece. It consists of disconnected jottings of daily happenings. In it we find continual references to science and the Royal Society, architecture and the rebuilding of London, the coffee-houses of the day, the illnesses of Hooke and his friends along with the seventeenth-century remedies. To anyone interested in the life of seventeenth-century London the book is a mine of information. Such names as Wren, Aubrey, Evelyn, Dr. Busby, Oldenburgh, Boyle, Lord Ranelagh, Lord Conway, the Bishop of Sarum, and so on fill the pages.

But apart from its general interest it is to serious students that the Diary is all important, and it is to be much regretted that although it is an expensive book there is no subject index. There is only a biographical index, all too slender, and the architectural notes are sometimes misleading. For instance, Caius Gabriel Cibber, one of the best-known sculptors living in England at the time, who did the statues on the gates of Bedlam Hospital, on Trinity Library, and elsewhere, is given in the biographical index simply as a painter.

The Diary itself has many amusing and interesting things to tell us. One entry notes: "Sir Christopher (Wren) told of . . . curing his lady of a thrush by hanging a bag of live boglice about her neck." On another day he "Saw Mr. Dwights English china. Dr. Willis his head, A little boy with a hauke on his fist, Severall little Jarrs of severall colours all exceeding hard as flint, very light of very good shape. The performance very admirable and outdoing any European potters." There are other entries about Dwight, and these are of particular interest because he is the first English potter of importance. A certain number of his pieces still exist, but very little is known about him and the new information which is contained in the Diary will be of the greatest interest to historians. **M. I. B.**

THE LUNAR LANDSCAPE OF DANAKIL

(Continued from p. 18)

fortunate conditions would last for days and days, allowing us to make quite good progress. Then we would travel for days on end over boulders and rocks of volcanic origin, piled in confusion, as if dumped at random from above by giants of a fabulous age. Often forming mounds and rises of a few hundred feet altitude, outstanding from the apparently even spread of similar rocks covering the landscape all around as far as the eye could reach, these totally barren prohibitive stretches proved a sore trial to our advance. For several days these continued, hard rocks of all dimensions up to monoliths of 200 and more cubic yards, sometimes half sunk, at others standing out boldly from the humbler stones surrounding them, but all in a jumble, with hardly even the disintegration of the larger masses to form the smaller. Such huge Cyclopean units had to be circled around or a passage forced between them, often so narrow that camels would jam their loads or shake them out of balance. In other places the roundish stones under foot, especially on the descents, would prove a rolling ground and the camels would fall continually. Under such conditions, with the limited progress imaginable, we at times travelled for many days without the possibility of foot or paw or sore back at night resting flat once. What I have witnessed these poor cushion-footed camels perform on such occasions could not have failed to amaze anybody, because I have actually experienced their adaptability pushed to extremes I would have never thought realisable before. But there was no alternative. We were often forced to continue by thirst and lack of forage for the animals. They frequently went without food for over a week, and even when any was found it was of no quantity or substance. The weaker animals in many instances received a few handfuls of durra from our scanty provisions, to keep them alive.

At other times, to make matters worse beyond comparison and make us wish for the boulder regions and the rockiness above described, we went for days at a stretch over sharp, hard, cutting lava fields.

PEAT, A NEGLECTED FUEL

(Continued from p. 26)

churchyard and in people's gardens in villages—in truth, an octopus of the countryside. It is capricious, too, avoiding spots where to all appearance it would invade and flourish; such places, for instance, as the levelled parade ground of a Roman fort perched midway on the slopes of Hardknott Pass, where, with bracken growing densely all round—it has swallowed the fort—the 2½ acres of the parade ground (known to dalesmen as the bowling green) remain completely free from all growth but that of the wiry grass of the uplands. The same condition manifests itself in connection with several sites of prehistoric settlements on the moors, which year after year are bracken-free while all around is the jungle.

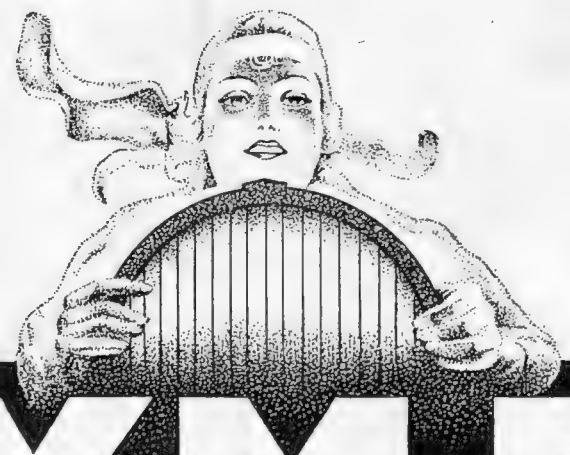
To cope with the encroachment of bracken takes much labour and is a costly business for the small farmer whose time is already more than filled; it presents a problem to which already those interested in agriculture are turning attention, but bracken is so robust that it takes a lot of beating, and a cheap and swift method of dealing with it would be a great boon to many a harassed husbandman. **May C. Fair**

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society remembers with profound gratitude its first President and part Founder, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, who passed over fifty years ago (October 1). He laboured throughout his life to right the wrongs of the children of the poor. 33,000 children have been helped by the Society, and 1,100 children are now being given a chance in life. Please send a gift in memory of the late Earl to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

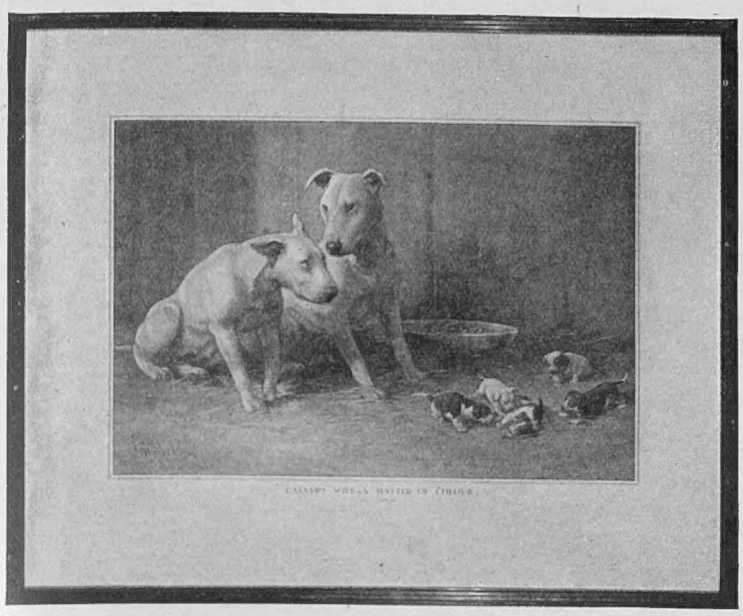
A BOOK LIST

FABER & FABER.—WAR PAINT: A Story of Adventure. By F. V. Morley. 7s. 6d. HAIG. By Duff Cooper. Illustrated. Vol. 1. 25s. PROPOSAL. By Anne Streeton. 7s. 6d. COME DUNGEON DARK. By J. A. Cole. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—NEW ARMOUR FOR OLD: Autobiography. By William O'Sullivan Molony. 8s. 6d. MURDER IN MIDSUMMER. By Mary M. Atwater. 7s. 6d. BETTER THAN DYING. By Robert Faherty. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD. By Sir Basil Thomson, K.C.B. Illustrated. 15s. YONDER. By Ambrose South. 7s. 6d. THE WAINWRIGHTS. By Edgar Meredith. 7s. 6d. MOVING PAGEANT: Stories. By L. A. Pavey. 7s. 6d. BELL.—MURDER IN COLLEGE. By J. Y. Dane. 7s. 6d. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS.—KNIGHTS ERRANT OF PAPUA. By Lewis Lett. With Introduction by Sir Hubert Murray. K.C.M.G. 12s. 6d. BORISWOOD.—AND LASTLY THE FIREWORKS: Stories. By John Pudney. 7s. 6d. POEMS. By Archibald MacLeish. 7s. 6d. BURNS, OATES, & WASHBOURNE.—THE ROUND HOUSE: and Other Stories. By G. Dewi Roberts. 3s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—I SPIED FOR FRANCE. By Marthe Richer. Translated from the French. By Gerald Griffin. Illustrated. 15s. LOVAT DICKSON.—ELEGANT EXTRACTS: A Duobiography. By Edmund Malone and George Hawes. 8s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—CHARLES LINDLEY VISCOUNT HALIFAX: Part I, 1839–1885. By J. G. Lockhart. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—FIVE MEN GO TO PRISON: A Plain Case. By Ralph Straus. 8s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—NORTH TO THE ORIENT. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. With Maps by Charles A. Lindbergh. 10s. 6d. MADAME FEARS THE DARK: Seven Stories and a Play. By Margaret Irwin. 7s. 6d. BEANY-EYE. By David Garnett. 5s. AS I LAY DYING. By William Faulkner. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—THE LONE WOLF'S LAST PROWL. By Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. GREEN WOUND. By Valentine North. 7s. 6d. DEATH AT THE CHATEAU. By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Frederick Whyte. 7s. 6d.

Twenty-Ninth International
MOTOR EXHIBITION
Patron: H.M. The King
OCT. 17-26
Daily 10 till 10
Admission 2/6
except THURSDAYS & TUESDAY before 5 p.m. 5/=

The World's Largest International Display of Private Cars & Carriage Work; Boats & Marine Engines; Caravans & Trailers; Service & Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories & Tyres
OLYMPIA
KENSINGTON, W.
C.D.C.
To be followed by the COMMERCIAL MOTOR TRANSPORT EXHIBITION NOVEMBER 7-16.

TWO INTERESTING DOG STUDIES

By C. Ambler



CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

Cæsar's Wife having proved such an enormous success, a companion picture has been made by the artist entitled "He, She, and the Hussy."

HE, SHE, AND THE HUSSY

Copies of each picture in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture, 15" × 10¼"), can be supplied at **5/-** each.

Copies signed by the artist, **10/-** each.

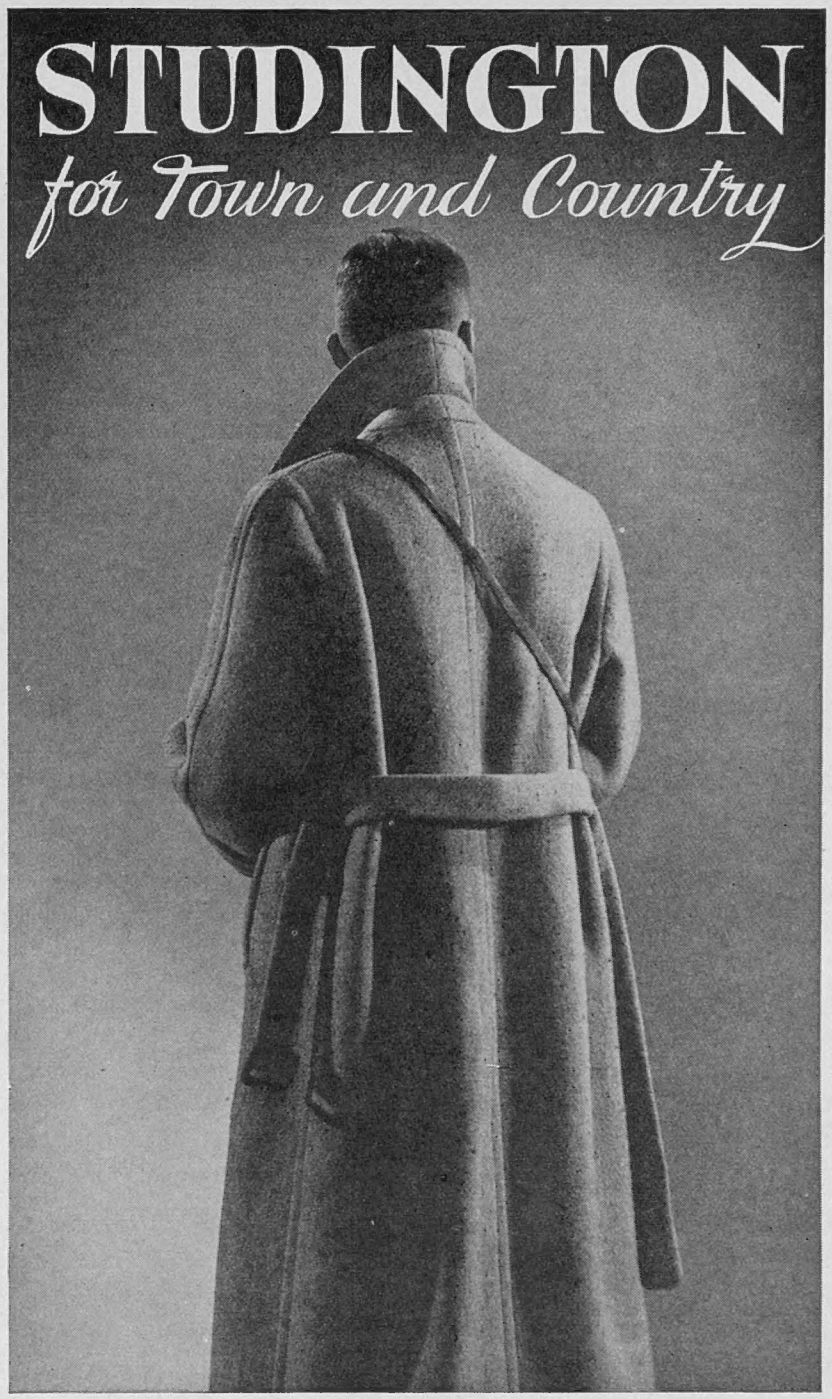
Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Or framed complete in best quality ½" Polished Black Moulding, with plywood back and glass as shown at top. Size overall 20¾" × 16¾". Packed in wooden crate and carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) **10/6** each.

Or copies signed by the artist, **15/6**

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.,
346 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2



"THE GOOD COMPANION"
(A Studington Coat)

The enjoyment of every occasion has much to do with the tailor, and any departure from what is accepted as correct is felt at once in the mere disapproving glance.

Prices **6, 7** and **8 guineas,**
ready for service or made to order.

STUDD & MILLINGTON LTD
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.
51, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.
81, GRACECHURCH ST., E.C.3.
ABBEY HOUSE, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris & Berlin

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67 Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:

PARIS OFFICE:
65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées *for*
France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE:
Kurfürstendamm 32, *for*
Germany, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

MISS JEANNE TEYCHENNE, the Australian dramatic soprano, who is giving a vocal recital on October 10 at the Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street. The supporting artist will be Joseph Slater, the flautist, and the programme will include Bach, lieder, and operatic arias

"Sphere" Article Wins a Lire-3,000 Prize

In a literary competition organised by the Primavera Siciliana Committee, a body which has charge of the interests of tourism in Sicily, and open to the authors of articles published in foreign newspapers or reviews dealing with Sicily—its art, natural beauty, culture, history, etc., or describing its tourist attractions, Mr. Edward E. Long, Travel Adviser to Illustrated Newspapers, has won the first prize of lire 3,000, which he shares with a Flemish writer, Mr. Alfons Lambrecht, whilst Mr. Osbert Sitwell shares the second prize, of lire 2,000, with Señor D. José de Seabra of Lisbon. Mr. Long's winning article was published in the issue of THE SPHERE of November 10 last year.

A Survey of Contemporary Photography

A Book for the Amateur and Professional

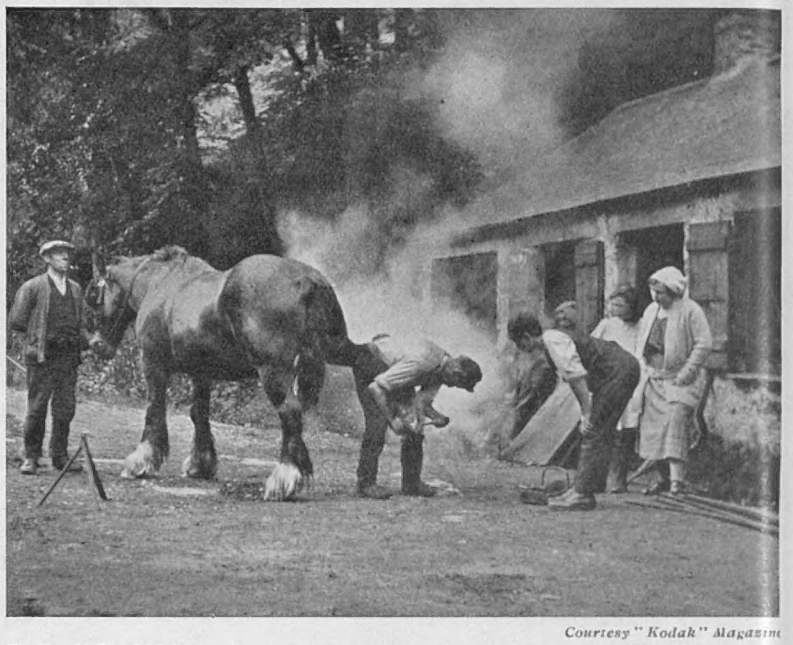
WITH the rapid improvement of equipment and the development of technique, photography as an art has made tremendous strides during the past decade and, even though it may be only the discerning who notice the changes that take place from year to year, those changes none the less accumulate over a period of time into something very substantial. Indeed one has but to compare the illustrations in *The Photography Year Book, 1935* (Cosmopolitan Press. £1 1s.) with the work of five and ten years ago to gain an idea of the astonishing advances that have been made. This is an excellent volume and it is packed with pictures of every type which, by reason of their individual excellence, should not only serve as models both for the amateur and professional camera owner but provide ideas for the go-ahead advertiser in search of original methods of attracting interest to the products he has to offer.

Great photographers such as Edward J. Steichen, Horst, Professor Moholy-Nagy, Lejaren à Hiller, Shaw Wildman, Ralph Kunfalvi, Man Ray, and Paul Wolff, contribute to this outstanding work which also includes some remarkable pictures from men and women who, the amateurs of to-day, will probably rank among the successful professionals in years to come.

The book contains more than 100 portraits of men and women; seventy of children; sixty-five of fashion and men's wear; forty-five of nudes; sixty of natural history subjects; fifty-five of sport and entertainment; and numerous examples of rural, mountain, and seaside scenery.

The Photography Year Book is divided into six sections: Main section—(pictorial and commercial photography) with 241 pages and 914 illustrations. Trick photography.—Seventeen pages of outstanding photographic work in this field, of which eighty-five examples are given. Scientific and "Spirit" Photography.—Thirty-seven photographs showing how the camera is aiding the cause of science. Applied Photography.—Fourteen pages demonstrating the use of photography for photomurals, postage stamps, photo-posters, packaging, magazine and newspaper covers, book jackets, showcards, and display pieces, etc., comprising ninety illustrations. Printed Salesmanship.—Forty-eight reproductions of photographic brochures, folders, catalogues, etc. The Camera in Advertising.—Thirty large-size photographic illustrations which have appeared in national advertising, and sixty-seven pages of reproductions of actual advertisements in which photography has been used, classified by industry.

One of the most interesting sections is that devoted to scientific photography, and in this is included an example of the work of Jean Painlevé, the son of the eminent French statesman, some of whose studies of marine biological life are reproduced on page 21 of this issue of THE SPHERE.



Courtesy "Kodak" Magazine

THE OLD FORGE: One of many delightful illustrations in *The Photography Year Book 1935*, which is published by the Cosmopolitan Press

"THE SPHERE" REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Church Stretton.—Longmynd Hotel.
Cromer (near).—Overstrand. Tel. O'strand 29.
Devon (North), Saunton.—Saunton Sands Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford (nr. Minehead, W. Som.).—Crown Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

LONDON

De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

The Best...
costs so little extra

CLUBLAND WHITE
FINEST OLD PORT

Agencies considered for Foreign Markets where not already represented by H. & C. Newman, Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

D., Lincs. (Cyprus).—The Prince Line have a service of cargo boats to Cyprus with sailings from London every three weeks, the boats carrying twenty passengers. Calls are made at Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifa, and Beyrout, passengers living on board while the ship is in the different ports. The round trip takes five to six weeks, the fare being £40 to £50.

Mc., Perth (Balearic Isles).—We do not think you would find Ibiza suitable for a long stay, particularly as you require a certain amount of social life and good hotel accommodation. Majorca, the largest of the Balearic Isles, would be more to your tastes. Palma, the capital, is a pleasant town with a large English colony. The best hotels are situated in the suburb of El Terreno, where there is a beach, bathing being possible until early November. The Mediterraneo Hotel and the Hotel Alfonso are both good hotels, a smaller hotel being the Inglesa. You could travel out to Majorca by the *Orama* of the Orient Line, which leaves London on November 9, arriving in Palma on November 14. The overland journey is made via Paris and Barcelona, with an overnight crossing from the latter to Palma.

O., Notts. (Bournemouth).—Of the two resorts you mention we advise you to choose Bournemouth for your winter sojourn. Bournemouth has a mild and very sunny winter climate, there being little fog or mist. As you do not wish to stay right in the town we suggest you go to the Canford Cliffs Hotel which is situated in a delightful position on the cliffs overlooking the sea. There is an eighteen-hole golf course within ten minutes' walk of the hotel.

L., London (Bath).—You would like the Pulteney Hotel in Bath, which is close to the Pump Room and Baths. This well-known spa is one of the warmest winter resorts in Britain, being well sheltered by hills on the north and east and exposed only to the warm south-westerly winds.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*October 5, 1935*. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

D., Lancs. (Trans-Siberian Railway).—The journey from London to Pekin by the Trans-Siberian Railway takes fourteen days, the route passing through Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, Omsk, Irkutsk, Manchouli, Harbin, and Mukden. There are two services weekly, passengers leaving London on Mondays and Thursdays, though it is recommended that they travel by the Monday service, which connects up at Negoreloje, the U.S.S.R. frontier station, with the Trans-Siberian Luxe Express. Visas for the U.S.S.R. and China can be obtained in England, but as there is no Manchurian consulate in England, visas are issued at the frontier station of Manchouli. We would advise you to travel first-class and in the first category in the U.S.S.R., first class in Manchuria and China, and second class on the Continent. First-class first category compartments in the Soviet trains contain two sleeping berths, while those of the first-class second category often contain four sleeping berths. The fare varies a little according to the London–Berlin route chosen. Via Harwich and the Hook of Holland—a night crossing—the fare from London to Pekin would be £55 6s. 6d. which includes 2nd class sleepers in Europe, 1st class first category in the U.S.S.R., 1st class in Manchuria and China, and all meals while in Soviet territory. It does not include any meals while travelling through Europe, Manchuria, and China, which will of course be extra. The foregoing information should be checked at a later date, as a new schedule for the Trans-Siberian service will shortly come into operation. Details of this will not be available until late October.

P., Hants. (West Indies).—Trinidad is considered one of the best centres from which to explore the West Indies. You could travel out on the *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line, which leaves Southampton on January 24 for a cruise to the Pacific, ports of call including Madeira, Barbados, and Port of Spain, arriving at the latter on February 6. The only means of reaching Tobago is by the local steamer from Port of Spain, which runs several times weekly. The *Lady Hawkins* of the Canadian National Steamships Line leaves Port of Spain on February 18 arriving in Bermuda on February 28, calling at Grenada, St. Vincent, Barbados, St. Lucia, Dominica, Montserrat, Antigua, Nevis, and St. Kitts en route, remaining in each port for several hours. The *Orduna* of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company leaves Bermuda on March 12 homeward bound. The only direct service between Trinidad and Jamaica is run by the Aluminum Line (U.S.A.) the ships being about 2,000 tons. There is a sailing every two weeks, the voyage taking six days with no intervening ports of call. An alternative route to Jamaica from Trinidad is via the Spanish Main and Cristobal by Netherland Royal Mail boat, the journey taking twelve days.

Anon. (West Indies).—Apart from occasional cruises there is no Royal Mail Line service to the West Indies except the cargo service run in conjunction with the Holland-America Line. These modern cargo vessels of between 9,000 and 10,000 tons have accommodation for from twelve to twenty saloon passengers, the fare from England to Jamaica being £26. The *Lochgoil*, which leaves London on November 19, calls at both Bermuda and Kingston. Two hotels in Jamaica which charge from about £5 per week are Melrose House Hotel in Kingston, and Mona Great House Hotel, Liguanea P.O., in the suburbs of Kingston.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telephone: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Menton.—Grand Hotel du Parc.—First class. Most central. Home comforts, Weekly pension terms from £4.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

Mannheim. — Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose. — World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

PORTUGAL.

Canas.—Hotel Urgeirica.—Every comfort. Ex cuisine. Amgst beautiful gdns & charming cntry. Tennis, glf, swming, fishing. G. Fibich, Mngr.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

HAIR BEAUTY ASSURED

Well rub into the roots of your hair every day a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL. This will promote the growth, keep it in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness. It does not make the hair sticky.

Send for Free Booklet on the hair.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.

22, LAYSTALL STREET, Rosebery Avenue, E.C. 1

AN INSTITUTION *in Entertaining and Hospitality*

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Queen's Sweet Sportsman's Dry

"For all home entertaining have this lovely liqueur — famous for over a century."

Little Lady Liqueur

WELCOME ALWAYS — KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

From your Wine Merchant or write...
T. GRANT & SONS, Ltd. MAIDSTONE, Eng. (*Est.* 1774)

There goes another sensible man

HE'S WALKING ON PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn. CVS—77

for Longer Wear and Greater Comfort

What the eye doesn't see...

the mind cannot grasp! These limitations are conveniently overcome with the

VEDET Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

which can be carried in pocket or handbag. Of similar construction to prism binoculars, but with only one barrel. Very quickly focussed—weighs only 7 ozs., is but 4 ins. in length, magnification × 8.

Complete in soft leather case with sling £3.17.6

Write for full particulars:—

W. WATSON & SONS LTD. 313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

COLDS AND NASAL CATARRH

relieved and duration shortened by using soft, absorbent

TOINOCO

SILKY-FIBRE HDKFS.

once and destroying. In cartons of 50, 2s.; 500, 18s. At chemists. Trial Pkt. 1s. post free from (Dept. S.P.):—

The Toinoco Handkf. Co. Ltd., 55 Hatton Garden, E.C.1

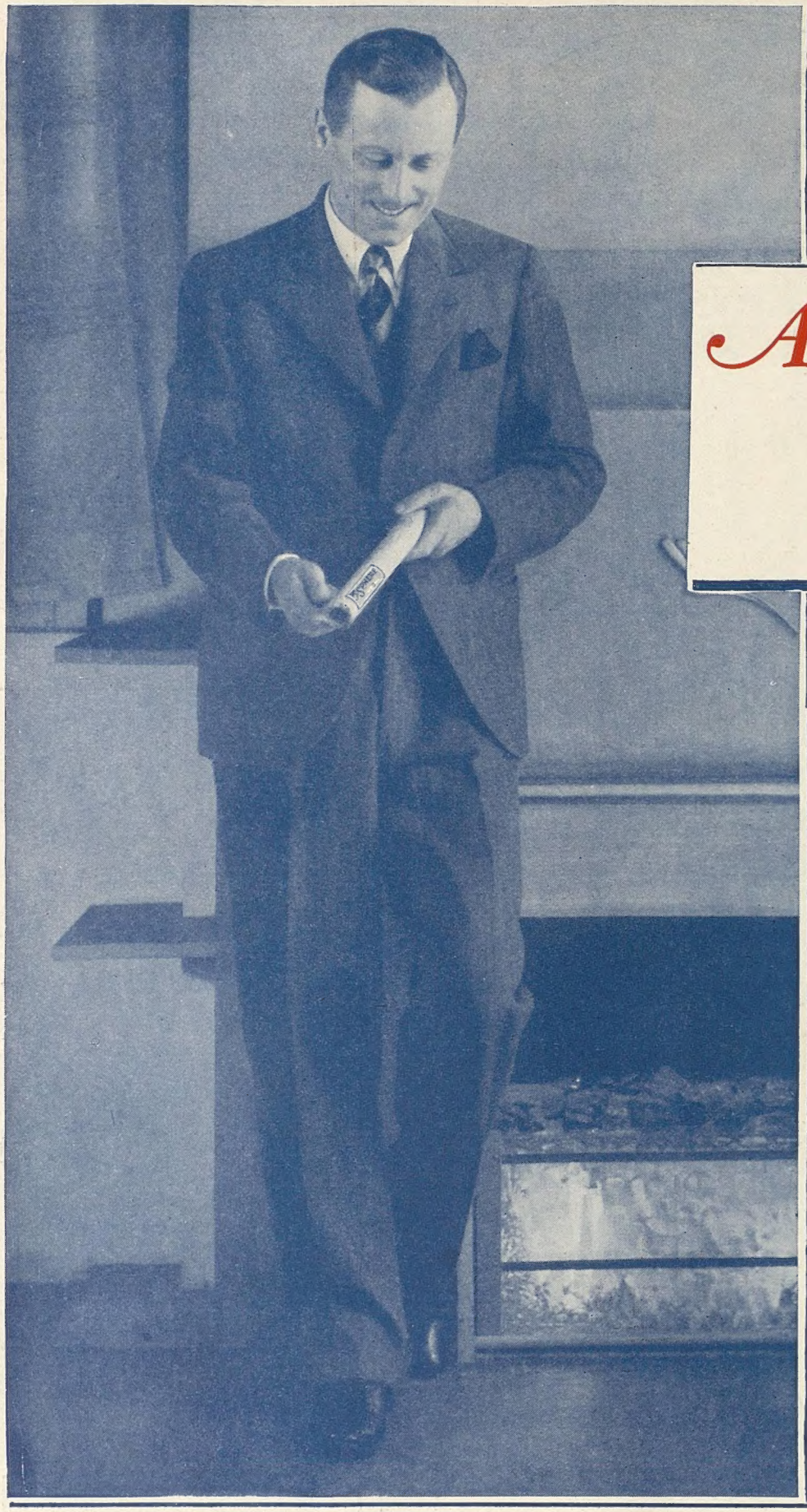
SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1



An Ideal Present for a friend OVERSEAS

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE SPHERE every week—full of news and entertaining pictures of home. For the modest sum below, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. Just write to The Publisher, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, or to your regular Newsagent, and the deed is done for you.

£1-11-8 (CANADA £1 : 9 : 3) sends THE SPHERE to a friend overseas for SIX MONTHS

"THE SPHERE" SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	*Six Months, including Xmas Number.*	*Six Months, No Extras.*	*Three Months, No Extras.*
INLAND - - -	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
CANADA - - -	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 5s. 6d.	£1 14s. 0d.	£1 11s. 8d	15s. 10d.

WRITE TO THE PUBLISHER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.
—HE WILL DO THE REST
(Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller).

359-P397

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*October 5, 1935.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.